

Korvetten „Nornen“.

Sra Orlogslivet.

Skildringer

af

M. Coucheron-Aamot,
Løitnant i Marinen.

Med 12 større og mindre Illustrationer
samt 15 Bignetter.



Kristiania.

B. L. Mallings Boghandels Forlag.

FROM NAVY LIFE

REMINISCENCES

by

W. Coucheron-Aamot
Navy Lieutenant

With 12 Illustrations of varied sizes
and 15 Vignettes



Kristiania

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Poets, painters, and all those who know how to interpret and enjoy nature's delightfully refreshing poetry: Take a trip down to Horten – preferably on a sunny day in May. A view from "*Knatten*" ("The Knoll"), Captain Hvidt's well-known estate, will be sufficient reward for the effort.

The Kristiania Fjord, Løvø, Østø, and Bastø, the great forests, the fortress, "The Norwegian Lion," the shipyard at *Karljohansværn* (Karl Johan's Citadel), and "The Harbor," all together form a panorama, so beautiful, that one can hardly find a more lovely sight in our country, so blessed by nature's splendor. Travel down there in the spring and judge for yourself!

If one then have stood a while in silent admiration, the eye inevitably is drawn back to some peculiar dinguses, that in all leisure and comfort lie at anchor down in "The Inner Harbor," – they belong to the Norwegian fleet.

Four yellow painted colossi soon attract your attention; they stand so markedly out against the other small objects that lie scattered in among them. Are they shipwrecks, one might be tempted to ask, because that is

what they look like, de-rigged as they are, right down to the lower masts.

No, not quite. They are proud swans from the years 1850-60 – evidence of the willingness to sacrifice that distinguished the Norwegians of that time.

What man, what woman at that time did not mention with pride, when there was talk of the fleet, names such as "*St. Olaf*," "*Kong Sverre*," and "*Desideria*." And with justification, for not only were these some of the loveliest ships in Scandinavia; but they also belonged to a sea power that could fully match those of the other two northern nations.

We all know how our sea defenses have fared since – steadily downwards. Now the question must soon be raised: Shall we, or shall we not, have a fleet?

The colossi are disintegrating – they are almost left to maintain themselves – though one is still regularly patched and tidied up – and that is "*Desideria*."

The old frigate has become an exercise ship.

If one looks closely at it, one will notice that there is life under the ugly black roof which all the warships have been provided with to protect them against rain and snow. From time to time an officer is seen to emerge on the landing stage resembling a balcony to which the steam launch frequently comes alongside and then shoves off again.

Every year, this is a gathering place and exercise field for hundreds of naval personnel. Among these one sees the naval cadets by whom life on the "*Desideria*" is considered merely as a rest station.

The time spent aboard "*Desideria*" is always reckoned as bright spots in the rigorous life of the cadets, and it was therefore not to wonder that at the first dinner

we consumed onboard, one of the oldest cadets proposed a toast to "*Desideria*" – as he addressed a few words to the old frigate:

"Venerable "*Desideria*," you had probably hoped for a more honorable end to your life; this hope was in any case not unjustified according to the speeches that were made when you, as one of the loveliest ships in Scandinavia, was launched off the slip in 1851; but you have indeed lived in the century of the inventors, and the failed anticipations may be easier to bear when you remember that you have fellow sufferers in almost all fields.

Sails have had to give way to steam, this irresistible force whose development has given trade and naval warfare a quite changed appearance. But I assume that you within a few years will have the experience of seeing your old enemy surrender to electricity, the power of which daily wins new terrain. – Soon you will see that the iron colossi, "*Mjølnir*,"¹ "*Thor*," and the other ogres that you have yielded to, will also find their match. You are old, yellow painted! You can still be used for something; because, despite everything that is said about you, it cannot be denied that you are a commodious old box, and because of that you have also been most graciously designated as exercise ship for the young cadets who every year are sent to you for a finishing course before they are assigned to our training ships, "*Nornen*"² and the gunboats, to be taught to become formidable warriors on these black swans. Still, not enough with this; a yet higher honor, the real value of which must be judged

¹ "*Mjølnir*" – Thor's hammer.

² "*Nornen*" – "the Norn" – one of the Norse mythological beings corresponding to the Greek fates.

another way, has fallen to your lot. We naval cadets have raised our tents in your spacious stern cabin on the top deck. Year after year you have housed one brood after the other of mandarins*)¹, admirals, and geographers to be; and I think that these always with delight will remember the days of recuperation spent under your secure roof after the nerve racking examination studies. A toast to "*Desideria*!"

The speech at the dinner table in the cadets' mess went more or less like that, and the toast was drunk amid general approbation.

Only those who have come from the examination table can understand the delight we felt in the first few days. To inhale in full breaths the fresh May air while marching on "The Hill" – the Navy's drill field. – that was a welcome change from the stale classrooms.

And then one sees to it that the examination boys are not overstressed; only 5 to 6 hours a day training, the rest of the day belongs to themselves. But the half-month that the cadets spend on "*Desideria*" does not only go for infantry training. As is well known, our fleet consists almost only of gunboats. Instead of training the prospective officers to serve on these, they are sent out on a long voyage with the training ship "*Nornen*." A 2nd Class gunboat is provided so that the cadets may still gain some idea of where their place will be when the hour of danger arrives, but the training time is regrettable far too short – only 5 or 6 days.

¹ *) Several reserve officers have gained employment in China and South America as customs officials, naval officers, and land surveyors (cartographers).

Under the training officer's guidance, "*Tor*"¹ or "*Tyr*"² steams out of and into the harbor. The cadets have the command in shifts, while the others alternately serve as assistant machinists, coal stokers, and helmsmen. A few turns, backings and fillings, and laying up to buoys and piers; that is about all. But it will not take long for one to understand how important it is to be familiar with the environment where one later is to exercise command.

From the gunboat "*Tor*" we again went back to shore for target shooting on "*Møringen*." Two days was spent at this, and then began the last and most enjoyable act of the life on "*Desideria*" – hydrography training.

We were given the important task of making a map of *Vealøsgabet*. (It had assuredly been mapped a score of times before.) Carrying all kinds of measuring devices, we departed one morning in two boats that were towed behind the steam launch. Soon we lay by *Østøen* (East Island), the mapping table was set up, and we began "scanning" the terrain.

When we had finished with that, it was nine o'clock, and so we must go down to the boats again for breakfast, which consisted of a can of coffee, some slices of bread, and a cup of butter. A little frugal perhaps, but to us cadets it tasted as the most delicious dish where we sat on the green grass in the majestic fir forest on the island. In addition, there was cheerful talk and banter which always spice up a meal. Some of the cadets had small

¹ "*Tor*" – Norwegian spelling of Thor used for the gunboat's name. The previous mention of "*Thor*" referred to another warship (iron colossus).

² "*Tyr*" – The Norse god for whom Tuesday is named.

pocket flasks with port wine; that also contributed to our being in radiant good humor after finishing the meal.

So in this way we continued until the task was finished. The result of our work was a handsome map, which made a suitable finale to our fresh air stint aboard "*Desideria*."



I

The corvette "*Nornen*" – Departure – First Sunday – To Glasgow

Among the Navy's ships there are none that are as well known and so rich in memories as the training ship "*Nornen*."

Soon it can celebrate its 40th anniversary, since it was launched in 1854 and was built in the same decade as the colossi "*Desideria*," "*St. Olaf*," "*Kong Sverre*," and others.

Most of the Navy's present officers will, with more or less delight, think back to the time when as cadets they made their first voyage with "*Nornen*."

More than 5000 men have received their naval education aboard this vessel. More cannot be expected from any ship. It has done its duty. Now it ought to be allowed to rest in its old days, and younger forces should take over its task.

40 years – that is a long time, and there has come about great advances in all fields – especially in the sphere of military materiel. There is one area though, in which one should not accuse us in Norway of having followed along with developments elsewhere in the world, and that is our naval fleet and equipment. That the appropriating authorities have seen to. The training ship "*Nornen*" is an example of this.

The policy for the last several years' programs has been just to patch and mend the old to prevent the whole naval defense from collapsing. And deliberately or not, the nation has been misled as to the true state of affairs. Just look in the almanac:

53 warships with 169 cannon!

Ah yes; an appreciable force. The number is correct, but how about the quality compared to the modern naval forces of other nations?

The work of outfitting "*Nornen*" for sea duty usually begins towards the end of April. Only by the middle of May is it to be ready – ample time; but why should the work be rushed; the objective is to keep the Navy yards occupied; otherwise one might be obliged to lay off the workers before next year's budget is approved.

In 188... though, the department wanted to see if the outfitting time could not be reduced somewhat. The attempt was made by scheduling the work to be done in half the usual time.

The time was too short; the corvette was not quite in the condition that is usually meant by the term "seaworthy," when we cadets embarked on the 16th of May – one was not accustomed to hurry up.

That our departure was scheduled for the 17th, our great Independence Day, might be due to tender concern for our heads. As is well known, it frequently happens that people are visited by noisy woodworkers on the next day, and, of course, we could not afford to take on that kind of employees.

The paint was not dry, nor was the rigging, and one may readily imagine what our clothes looked like after a couple of days onboard. It rained steadily, and really came down in sheets, so that we still could console our-

selves – a charming sentiment – with the thought that folks ashore could not enjoy themselves either.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon our proud training ship raised anchor and amid saluting cannon fire from *Karljohansværn* sailed out of the inner harbor.

In honor of the day, the ship was decked with flags from bowsprit to taffrail. When we passed the likewise decorated "*Desideria*," mutual hurrahs were exchanged, that surely could be heard far into the town.

After we had passed "The Norwegian Lion," the ship steered quite close to land by the park where the Independence Day speeches were being given despite the miserable weather. While a crowd of people streamed down to the shore and shouted hurrah, waved with banners and handkerchiefs, the ship saluted several times with the flag, whereupon the corvette headed out to sea.

At 8 o'clock we anchored by *Gjersø* due to fog and a stiff breeze.

The next two days were employed in necessary tasks; then we again raised anchor and set course for the Orkneys.

A southeast gale blew up the following day. The seas rose; the waves came steeper and higher. Splash after splash came in across the bulwarks and soaked the crews dress uniforms – this was on a Sunday.

We lay there rolling and struggling quite respectably between the waves.

As the gale increased, we had to progressively reduce sails, and all men were called aloft for reefing. The constant hoarse cries of the oldest cadets who commanded on the bridge had their effect, and soon the ship ran under thrice-reefed topsails. Then we heard our cap-

tain's welcome order: "The cadets' off-duty watch! Go below!"

Yes sir! Done as ordered. We disappear from the deck in a wink.

The thing was, most of us had a headache.

Yes, indeed. It was so. There were some who complained; that was quite remarkable. Why a headache just now? It could not really be symptoms of the malady generally referred to as seasickness? No, of course not. No way am I seasick. No one would admit to it; such a word must not cross the lips of a naval cadet.

However, the headachy cadets showed an unusual inclination to assume a comfortable position.

The chest benches were constantly occupied, and now it was finally established that there was seasickness among us. Some complained of queasiness and lay as if they were nailed to the benches; others rose up hurriedly and staggered around for a moment with pale, serious faces, and then suddenly laid down again. The roast beef did not taste right at dinner; at least not as usual. There was a mighty effort to maintain face, but then it broke.

The starboard stern port is opened with a nervous jerk by one of our unenviable fellows.

As possessed by a demon he stretches himself out of the port until half his body is outside – Neptune has received his offering.

Now all pride disappeared; most shared their fate with him who lay in the port.

Toward evening the weather quieted down. The sails were set again, the reefs taken out, and so we sailed off across the North Sea.

A couple of days later we passed Fair Isle, the most beautiful of the Orkney Islands. There began a tiresome

fog which enveloped the entire island in its impenetrable veil, so that the contour was all that we could see.

The wind was favorable though, and we cruised swiftly down the coast of Scotland until we on a bright and sunny Sunday morning spied Fair Head, the north-eastern cape of "Erin's Emerald Isle."

Here we changed course; in toward the mouth of the Clyde. The sails were taken in, and our old helper engine from '54, known as "The Oilworks," began its somewhat shaky activity. Along in the evening a rather stiff breeze blew up with the result that, since the wind came from straight ahead, "*Nornen*" lay as if nailed down in place. The next day we hoisted the trysails, and by means of tacking the sails and steam, we finally passed the Bladda lighthouse, so that we caught the wind across, and now it again went swiftly upstream; the river estuary narrowed more and more, and the prettiest landscapes smiled at us from both sides.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we anchored in Greenock's harbor. The first thing we noticed was the giant ship, "Great Eastern," which lay temporarily at anchor here. Now it is to be broken up, though one might easily think that England's sense of historic reverence could equally well be awakened by this ship, the main factor that made the transatlantic cable possible, as for "Victory" and the other old hulks that lie in the Portsmouth Navy Yards. But the commercial spirit has won, and "Great Eastern" can just console itself with the old adage: "Ingratitude is the world's reward."

The next day we raised anchor with "The Oilworks" going and a tugboat ahead towing us up the naturally beautiful lower Clyde river valley; but rain, a little fog, and 4° Celsius contributed to our not enjoying the sight

with the same pleasure that otherwise would have been the case. Along in the afternoon we lay well moored in "Queen's Dock" with a shore leave fever that we were not allowed to relieve until the following day.



II

Eight days in Glasgow

The occasion for "*Nornen's*" visit to Clydeside was naturally first of all the exposition, said to be the largest that have been held in Scotland¹.

The exhibition was located in the center of the city of Glasgow and covered, besides some official spaces, also the wonderful park with the little Kelvin Creek flowing through it; altogether an area of 3 square miles. Despite the large area, the pedestrian ways were always filled to congestion; on some days the number of visitors could go to 40-50 thousand. The admission fee was 1 shilling, and I can confidently say that this was the best spent shore leave allowance on the whole tour.

We cadets diligently used our eyes, and when we then tired and worn out from several hours of wandering between the exhibition stands desired to rest, we always found our way to the magnificent concert hall where almost always one orchestra or another entertained a diverse audience. Some of the most glorious music I have heard was presented by the Highlanders Music Brigade who performed in full military regalia; they were almost all young men, since the old veterans had found their graves in the late Egyptian campaign, but the brigade still maintains the high regard in which it is held in Great Britain.

I will never forget the impression that "Sweet Home" made on the listeners; the chords seemed to cause everybody's heartstrings to vibrate. There were

¹ Internet: "A Century Exhibited: 1851 and 1901"

few dry eyes in that moment. In another orchestra, one would note the now already famous nine year old boy, Richard Schmit, who consistently took the public by storm when he performed his solo numbers on the clarinet; I especially remember the applause that he got when he played the variations of Carnival de Venice. Long after we had gained the open sea, the melodies from the concert hall seemed to repeat themselves in our ears.

One day we went down to Glasgow's largest shipyard, which is owned by James Thomsen, to observe the construction of the world's largest ship next to "Great Eastern" – "City of New York."

The shipyard lay a good distance down the Clyde, so we had to take the railway to make the best time to our destination where we were received with the utmost courtesy and cordiality. We were given two engineers as guides, who with pride first showed us the model hall which is said to be without equal of its kind. One would think one had entered a museum; with such elegance the models were executed and exhibited. There were vessels from 50 to 10,500 tons, and I believe there were about 200 of them – a substantial life's work for the still spry James Thomson to look back on. But we had to move on, time was short, we only had an hour left to look at "City of New York," and that we utilized as best we could.

The ship still stood in the stocks ready to be launched, and its enormous dimensions were that much more evident. Equipped with all the modern improvements and outfitted with an opulence never seen before, it stands in the first rank of the transatlantic palaces; its speed is also said to be the highest attained by one of these colossuses. It is intended to make the trip "over" in

5 ½ days, and less than that will hardly be realized until the "projected" tunnel between the two continents is constructed.

After an hour's perfunctory visit to this gigantic structure we had to leave it because time was short. We barely caught a glimpse of the other steamships that stood in the docks.

The next day we cadets visited one of the workshops for Sir William Thomson's nautical inventions.

Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) is well known as the professor of meteorology at the University of Glasgow and has been immeasurably helpful to ocean navigation by the new instruments he has invented. Among these may first of all be named his outstanding compasses, and his world-famous navigational sounding machine (depth finder). The workshop is owned by James White, who himself showed us how to set up and use the instruments. I will always consider the two hours we spent with him as among the most enjoyable and instructive I have experienced.

I used the last Saturday the corvette lay in Glasgow to visit the exhibition again. The goal this time was to view some things that I had not yet managed to see.

This last visit was the most interesting for me, and I will therefore describe it briefly.

First, I went to the new museum building, which is uncommonly prettily situated among the trees down by the banks of the Kelvin. It is not large, at least not in proportion to the wealth of the large city, but then what was currently exhibited within its walls was that much more impressive, namely Queen Victoria's jubilee gifts – a vivid expression of Great Britain's power.

I have never seen so many precious objects gathered in one place, and it made an overwhelming impression on me as well as on everybody else. I was most impressed by the exquisite artistic works in silver engraved with the wonderfully beautiful addresses from her Indian princely rulers.

While I read the names of the various provinces and rajahs, I thought of the unheard of atrocities that the sons of Albion had committed before the princes offered the imperial crown to Victoria in 1877. Those who have studied the history of India, especially in the time of Warren Hastings, may wonder at seeing the sons and grandsons of the defenders of India's independence meekly lay their deferential tributes on the altar of their oppressors. We have some reason to believe that it is only "tiger diplomacy." Many years will hardly pass before retribution strikes; perhaps we will live to see India's imperial crown on the head of a native prince.¹

Then there was "Bishop's Castle" still to go; it is an old, venerable castle that lies on a rise inside the park. Here, the largest and most interesting collection yet to be seen from the history of Scotland was on exhibit. Not only the official museums within the British Empire, but also innumerable private individuals have lent items of historic value from their collections, and since "Bishop's Castle" next after the Cathedral is the oldest and most noteworthy of Glasgow's historical buildings, one could hardly have chosen a more suitable location.

Historical relics from the period 1300-1660 were displayed on the top floor.

¹ The author sort of did. He died in 1948, the year after India and Pakistan declared independence, though as republics.

Here one could see that everyone had been involved, from the royal family to the simplest farmer, for the owner's name could be found below each item. We could follow some individuals' life from the cradle to the grave in great detail, especially Robert Bruce, "the hero of Bannockburn," the unfortunate "Bonnie Prince Charlie Edward," and the pitiable Mary, Queen of Scots.

No wonder that the Scots look on these relics with reverence; for if these could speak, they would bear witness to a burning patriotism and a willingness to sacrifice all for the royal house with few equals in world history. The Scots still consider it a family honor if one of their ancestors were among "Bob's" (Robert Bruce) or "Charlie's" brave warriors.

I was much puzzled by the portraits of these individuals painted at different times; because I could not find two that came close to resemble each other. For example, Mary, Queen of Scots. In one portrait she was shown with fiery red hair and an anything but attractive countenance; on the other hand, on another one could view her with blue-black hair and an angelic expression.

It is not easy to decide which artist got it right; one would incline to believe a third who portrayed her standing in front of a table in the council chamber in Holyrood Castle while giving orders to her nobles.

Only before such a personage, so majestic and so beautiful, may one believe that the proud Scottish lords bowed their stiff necks; only such a Mary could make the Scots forget her many frailties and make the folksingers express the Highlanders' empathy with her unhappy fate in hundreds of songs.



III

Leaving Glasgow – The cadets' time – How is it used?

We left Glasgow on Monday, the 4th of June, and steamed down the Clyde, whose banks this time were spread out for us in quite a different light than when a few days ago we went upstream in rain and fog. The weather was delightful, and the sun played cheerfully on the lovely palaces and villas which lie along the whole stretch, while pleasure steamboats quick as arrows cross each other and salute with flags. We passed Greenock quite slowly, and since it was late in the evening, "*Nornen*" anchored a ways from the city for four hours or so. Later in the night, we raised anchor again, and "*The Oilworks*" once more was pressed into service; However, we soon caught a fair wind, the sails were set, the fire extinguished under the steam kettle, and our training began for real.

*

*

*

It might interest my readers to hear a little about how the cadets pass the time while they are at sea. I have more than once seen how people tend to shrug their shoulders when a cadet talks about how much there is to do aboard a Navy ship.

"Come on; you call it work to travel around to expositions and go to parties; it is just a pleasure cruise that makes more than one envy you," I once heard a gentleman say, and that is probably a fairly common opinion among people who have no direct contact with the Navy. No, it is true that a cruise has its pleasant moments, but I would like to see the landlubber who works harder than the Norwegian Navy cadets.

It must be clear to anyone who takes the trouble to think about it that if the same skills and knowledge are to be taught the cadets in 2½ years as required 7-8 years before the new system was introduced, then it must be done with dispatch. It is true that the cadet aspirants now must graduate from middle school (10th grade) and have 21 months service at sea before they are admitted to the Naval Academy, but these two factors cannot make up for the 5-6 years time difference.

I will now describe an average day of maneuvers and exercises. Perhaps that will change some minds.

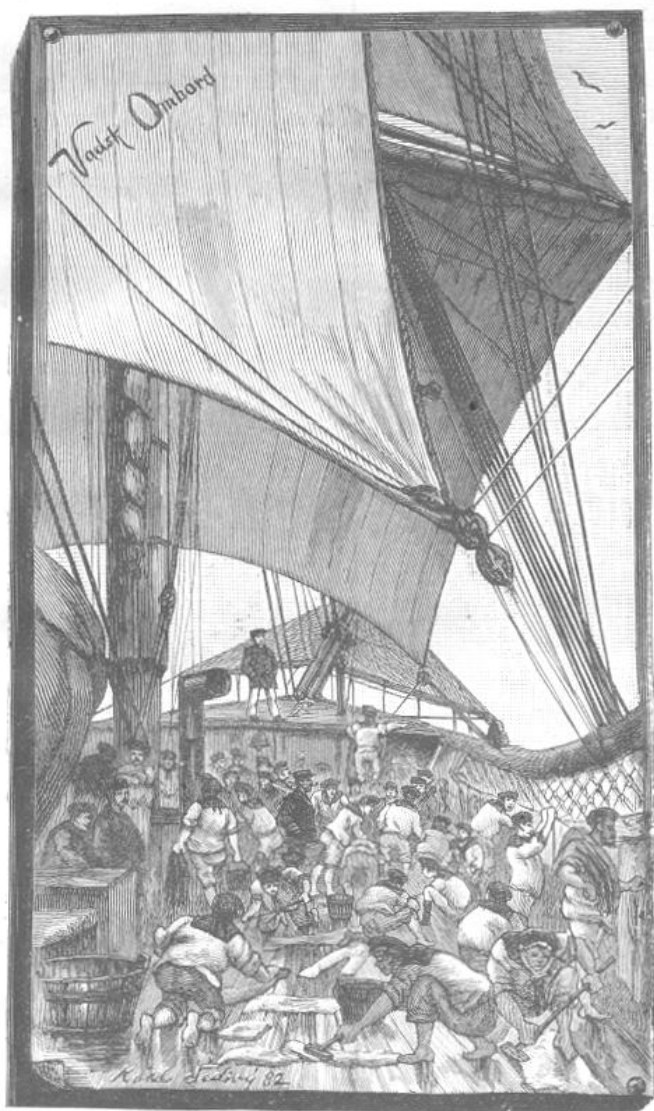
The cadets stand watch in 6 or 7 sections, of which 3 thus get nightwatch.

At 6:45 o'clock in the morning the youngest cadet of the daywatch section "pipes out" in the cadets' mess.

At once one hears the chief of the dogwatch, who has the top command of the day, call out in the gruffest voice he can manage: "Get out of your bunks! You N. N.¹, you are always the last; let's move it!"

Thereafter he himself and the other section chiefs (the senior cadets) usually turn over in their bunks and take a little nap for a few minutes – a senior privilege – while the second class hurries to get dressed and lash up

¹ N. N. – *nomen nescio* – John Doe



Storvæst ombord.
(Scrubbing the decks.)

their hammocks. By 7:15 every trace of bunks and toilet articles has disappeared. Then the place is aired out, and breakfast is expedited with all possible speed, because at 8 o'clock the forenoon section will "relieve" the watch. Then the watch comes in and will also be served a little food, but that banquet does not last long because the chronometer observation¹, which was done while they were on deck, must be calculated out before 9:30 A.M. It is not so hard for the section chief, who has last year's experience to behind him, but for the "snotty" it is another matter, and he is most often not done in time.

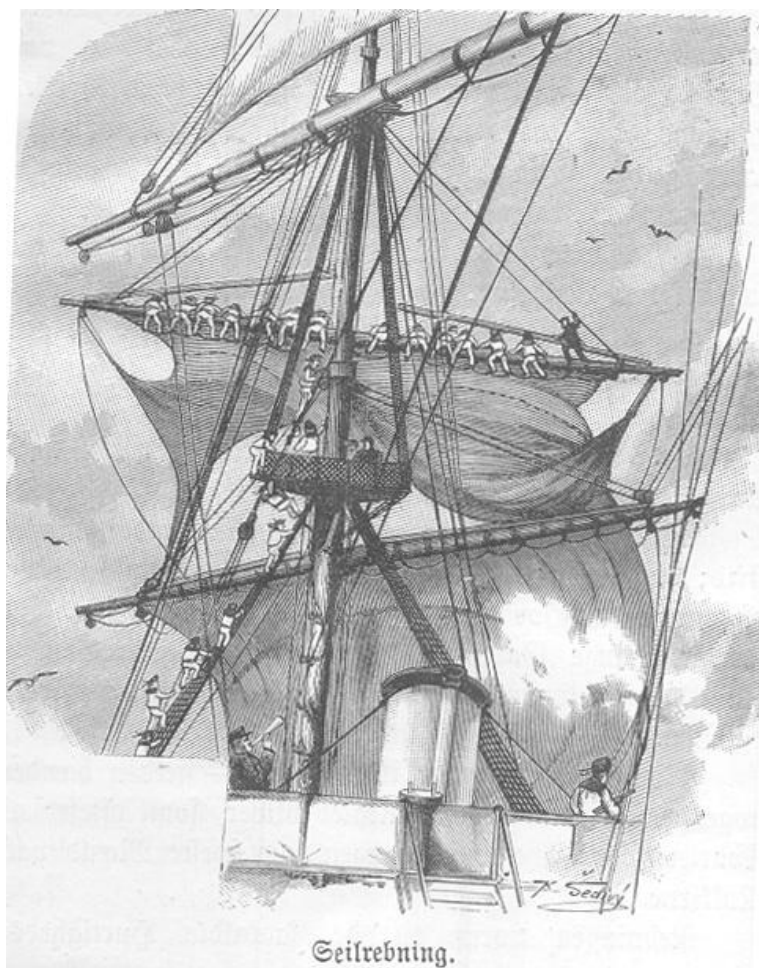
Meanwhile the ship is cleaned under leadership by the dogwatch, and the rest of the cadets busy themselves with studying "The Book of Maneuvers" or with working out the foregoing day's observations.

At 9:30 it is inspection time; then all cleaning and polishing is done, the crew is assembled on deck and the cadets in the mess. All is done with a sort of solemnity and in absolute silence. As soon as the drum signal sounds, the doors to the cadets' mess are thrown wide open, and the cadets' officers enter to see if everything is in order, while the section chiefs, with a serious inspection expression on their faces, go out on deck to inspect their "messmates"² which are commanded by the senior cadets. They then report to the watch officer – who relays the reports to the executive officer and the captain.

If there then are no punishments to be meted out, or other matters to be announced, the cadet who stands on the bridge calls out:

¹ Determining latitude and longitude by observing the sun with the aid of a sextant and a chronometer.

² Group of men eating at the same table.



Seilrebning.
(Reefing sails)

"Attention! With turn-about right and left, forward march!"

The crew disperses, and the exercise officer assumes command. Soon thereafter is heard:

"All men up for maneuvers, all men out; cadet N.N.! Next man forward!"

These commands have a magical effect. The sailors swarm up from below decks, the cadets stream out of the mess, and cadet N.N. runs up to the bridge where the exercise officer tells him which exercise is to be executed; the next ranking man runs forward, leaps up on a cannon and takes command from there – and then the exercise proceeds with a will.

The cadets who are not in command, pull and haul as possessed; liveliness will be rewarded, but the section chiefs still try as much as they can to be placed where the work is easier – f. ex. to stand at the wheel, pay out a line, keep records, etc.

That is natural; when you are a whole year older, you need more rest.

However, if the sails are to be reefed, then there is competition to go first; one flies over another, and you frequently kick someone else's head – not on purpose, of course. Yes, it is often a marvel that half of the cadet corps does not come tumbling down with broken arms and legs.

But only the good die young – it is rare that anything serious happens – and the most frequent result is that the section chiefs vindicate their rank by being first onto the yards.

Reefing sails are among the so-called speed maneuvers.

When we tell a merchant marine sailor that the time from when the command: "One reef in!" is shouted out and until the sail is set again seldom exceeds three minutes, he will receive the information with a skeptical smile, and that is no wonder, since he has probably not seen it done in less than a quarter hour. But we are obliged to advise him the reefing sails is done differently in the Navy. The reef ties are only given one turn around the yard and then made fast with two half-hitches to the lift; rather than use all the reef points, we are content with a couple on each side, and finally, instead of 8-12 men to hoist, we have about 30.

Now it continues without a break with tacking and veering, heave to's, and the aforementioned reefing exercises until 11 o'clock.

The maneuvers then cease, the sailors can go below, while the cadets, still dripping wet from their exertions, at once are ordered to practice either signaling or telegraphing or to lower the tiresome topgallant yard, which surely would have killed more than one training officer if all thoughtless cadets' wishes were fulfilled.

"Topgallant yard up!" or, "Secure the topgallant yard!" commands the section chief on the daywatch.

Quick as arrows two cadets climb up to the top¹ and two up in the shrouds – a few commands, and one, two, three, there goes the topgallant yard up or down. This is repeated a couple of times, and then the free watch of the cadets can go in – for 5 minutes at most.

¹ A platform around the head of each lower mast of a sailing ship, to which the rigging of the topmast is attached.

Because at 11:30 they are again called out for "*skimming*,"¹ except for three sections. One is to stand watch; "flatfoot" (the section that stands watch from 4 to 8 PM) will take the noon sun shot, and the poor persecuted daywatch must again set to work plotting the several courses that has been sailed, calculating the "distance gained," marking the current position on the chart, and write a log entry for the chief.

Out on the deck between the second and third cannons the others are making knots and splices under the boatswain's guidance until the youngest cadet on the daywatch comes to report that they are done, and the chief of the dogwatch immediately commands: "Cease *skimming*!"

This command is obeyed with all possible haste since it is synonymous with rest, dinner, a quick smoke, etc.

When the noon meal has been devoured, the cadets scatter around the ship. One section relieves the watch, the "flatfoot" enters its noon altitude in the observation log, the daywatch its "chronometer" and dead reckoning. The rest gather for a bull session between the second and third cannons on the lee side, or they lounge around on their sea chests.

"Cadets on deck!" sounds again at 2:30.

It is again the topgallant yard that is to be lowered and raised, or signaling. The latter is not too bad, however sleepy one might be, but the former is not enjoyed by the cadets.

Such climbing up and down in the rigging after dinner might bring even the skinniest to long for a time

¹ Sailors' crafts.

when less strenuous exercise is demanded, but it is probably considered good for the digestion, and so the cadets must yield in their ignorance to the old, practiced hands who of course knows best what is good for them.

If the weather is unsuitable for maneuvers – such as a dead calm – the drum beats for gun exercises at 3 o'clock, and first then the crew come up to serve. The third class of cadets (the section chiefs) are gun commanders, and the second class usually take the 2nd and 3^d places by the cannons.

The battery chief calls out, "Clear cannon!" and all hands spring to work with rare alacrity, since each gun crew eagerly competes to be the first to be ready.

The four Krupp "12 centimeter" guns are always left out of the competition. Their elegant forms contrast sharply against the old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon with their clumsy wooden carriages, which bear witness about a time long past where naval munitions are concerned, but which we not quite will or can let go of.

The firing now begins either at "Tempo" or "Command," that is, the guns are loaded either blindly(?) or with loose powder (no projectile) until 4:30 P.M. when "*Trop*" is sounded by the drum. Then all is put back where it was before as quickly as possible; each commander accounts for his gun to the division chief who again reports to the battery chief, whereupon the gun crews march off.

"The cadets' free watch can go below!" is then usually announced, which is immediately acted on, but if the sun is visible, they can rely on it that the navigation officer will not let them have peace for long. "Cadets N, O, P, and Q will each take a "chronometer" or "azi-

muth!" is called in through the door, and the poor devils must now immediately go out with their sextants with no opportunity to regain their wits after the exhausting gun exercises.

The others must be busy with some other occupation, such as studying seamanship or meteorology, because the senior cadet has strict orders to make sure that the cadets are working until 6:30 P.M., when the observation books will be turned in.

At precisely 7:00 o'clock the drum sounds for muster on deck.

The mess doors fly open and the cadets rush out like a herd of wild buffalos as they ruthlessly push and bump into each other as they try to be first to reach their respective cannon. The military reports are given, the crews are marched from the cannons, and a reef is taken in – a traditional rule without regard to wind or weather.

Since I have described the reefing process before, the reader may imagine in what condition the cadets come back in to eat their meager supper.

The evening meal is always spiced with the unstoppable hilarity that always follows along with whatever one may have done wrong; usually it is the daywatch cadet that suffers, for he has responsibility for the deck, and he is of course guilty of causing this or that reefing exercise to go 10-15 seconds slower than what it could have been done in.

But the daywatch knows from experience that it is no use to kick against the pricks; he takes it all with crushing indifference and thinks – tomorrow it is my neighbor's turn.

After the meal a little smoke tastes just right; that he is also allowed to enjoy unless some star observation is

to be made. The match bucket is brought up on deck between the aforementioned cannon; the pipes are lit – the affluent smoke cigars – and the conversation begins about the events of the day. When these have been gone over for the second or third time, we shift to small disputes that regrettably much too seldom rise above our everyday concerns.

At 8:45 P.M. we sling our hammocks, and at precisely 9 o'clock the dogwatch gruffly commands: "Lights out!" The lights are extinguished, the eyes close, and one of the cadets' "pleasure cruise" days comes to an end.



IV

Visit to Lisbon – To Tangier

A regrettable accident occurred one day while we were conducting exercises off the coast of Portugal. One of the enlisted men fell off the main yard while shaking loose a sail and broke both his legs and the right arm. "*Nornen*" was at the latitude of Lisbon; the engine was started up, and the course set towards land. Toward evening we had Cape Roca's prominent mountaintop in sight. A pilot came onboard, and since a stiff onshore breeze blew up, the sails were set, every last rag.

My, how it went! Old "*Nornen*" had probably never flown as fast as it did up the beautiful Tejo estuary.

By midnight the corvette anchored in the harbor of Lisbon's suburb Belém. Early in the morning, we raised anchor again, and soon Portugal's capital lay before us.

None of us cadets got ashore, but we sought to compensate for the loss with the aid of our farseeing binoculars and the Portuguese pilot at our side.

The most conspicuous sight is the lovely Ajuda Palace which lies on a rise by the entrance to the bay. It was King Louis' favorite palace and King Oskar's residence when he visited here.

The Sintra Cloisters lie on a row of mountaintops outside the city. Sick people from all of Portugal come here and are given free care and a place to stay by the merciful sisters.

On the other bank of the Tejo lies the oldest part of the city; it still bears the old Moorish name of *Alfama* and is not very attractive, but *Castelo de Sao Jorge*

makes also this quarter worthy of notice. The *Praca do Comercio* (the new Exchange Building) which lies in the middle of the magnificent Government Square, is somewhat more of an attraction. From the seaside it looks as if it was built almost of only glass with framing; I do not know if this is the case, but impractical it would certainly be, should a small earthquake visit Lisbon.

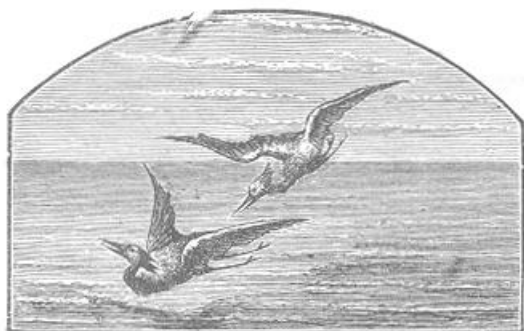
As soon as the wounded man was taken to the hospital, the corvette raised anchor and started the "Oilworks." Now we could get a better view of the sights along the banks of the Tejos.

As we passed Belém, the pilot called my attention to the still unfinished Hieronymite church. Its construction was begun in the 15th Century on the spot where the discoverer of the sea route to India, Vasco da Gama, stepped ashore when he returned from his voyage. The reason that the church has never been finished is, of course, that one does not wish to be reminded of the loss of India. One's thoughts could easily be led to reflect on the time when Portugal's flag flew all along the coasts of India, and Lisbon was the world's largest market for the seaborne trade.

Along in the evening, Portugal's coast had disappeared. We could again set sail, but since our visit to Tangier was scheduled for 8 days hence, the topsails had to be trimmed so as to reduce the speed. Since wind and current still carried us too quickly toward the African coast, we turned into the wind.

The weather was excellent for maneuvers, and it was made use of. We were to have a real tussle before we were allowed to relax under Africa's sun. It could be said that we grew quite tired of the incessant "Ready to come about!" "One reef in!" and so on. We therefore were not

at all unhappy to see Africa's northernmost point, Cape Spartel, appear on the horizon one morning when we came up on deck. Only a few hours, and all maneuvering would be at an end.



V

Tangier

Around noon we anchored in Tangier's harbor. It is the best harbor on the Moroccan coast and gives good protection against the westerly winds that are common here, but one must be careful not to come too close to a ruined breakwater that lie on the east side of the harbor, for here the sand has collected in large mounds and has created dangerous shallows.

Ships of any size must anchor a goodly distance from the town, and if one is to go ashore with boats, one must expect to get stuck in the mud about 1,000 m. from the shore. How one deals with this will be related below.

The town lies on the west side of a shallow bay. In the background Djebel Kebir (a part of the Rif Mountains) gradually rise in terraces until it plunges steeply down to the sea at Cape Spartel. On the east side of the town, the shoreline is low and sandy.

Tangier has a peculiar look when observed from the sea. The houses look like dice, strewn about without any attempt at order. In between a few mosque minarets and the flag masts of the foreign legations reach toward the sky, and on top of a cliff reigns a handsome old fort.

The old pirates' nest is surrounded by a zig-zag shaped wall that in the past could protect it against the revenge of the "Christian dogs," but today the masonry works will hardly prevent any European power from occupying the town, in spite of the many cannon that are ranged along the ramparts. For lack of maintenance it is difficult to move the cannon on their carriages, and the layers of rust inside as well as outside make them more

dangerous for the defenders than for the attackers; and as for the garrison crew, they apparently did not know any more about handling the guns than "the farmer knows about salads."

This we found out about one day when we were ashore to view the town's attractions. By the way, it was said that new cannon from Krupp would arrive soon. The saluting cannon however were in good order, and our salute to their blood-red flag was promptly answered.

Before I describe our stay in Tangier, I will give a brief overview of the Moroccan sultanate and the conditions there.



VI

Morocco

Morocco, Rome's Mauritania, is located in the north-western part of Africa. It is the least known of the pirate states and is therefore also known as "Africa's China."

Since its southern borders are rather indefinite, its area cannot be accurately reported, but the country is supposed to be approximately twice as large as Norway.

The sultanate can be divided into four parts according to their natural characteristics. 1) The terraced plains between the Atlantic Ocean and the Atlas Mountains. 2) The main Atlas Mountains, the highest point of which is over 3,000 meters above sea level. 3) The northern mountainous region of Rif, which plunges steeply down to the sea and forms the promontory Cape Spartel by the Strait of Gibraltar. 4) A part of the Sahara Desert.

Several large rivers debouch from the mountain chains which make the landscapes they run through unusually fertile.

The most important are: Tensift, Sebou, Oum Er-Rbia, Draa, Ziz, and Moulouya. The capital cities are named for the several *pachalics* that the country was divided into in earlier times: Fès, Meknes, Ouezzane, Taza, Marrakech, and Tangier. The population of these towns decline year by year; thus Marrakech now only has 50,000 inhabitants against the 700,000 it had in Roman times.

The total population of the sultanate is somewhat uncertain. Possibly 10–12 million. The Berber tribe number about 4, the Arabs 5, the Jews $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Negroes 1 million. Most are nomads, and trade is conducted by means of camel caravans. There is not much sea-borne commerce.

The Army has 50,000 men. The sultan's Black Guard forms the professional core.

The population lives in the greatest barbarity. Hatred of strangers, like the Chinese, and intolerance typifies the Moroccans' intellectual development. The form of government is – the sultan's will and caprice. He is the religious and secular head of the country; therefore he also carries the title of *Emir al Moumenin* (Commander of the Faithful).

The wretched government that has plagued the country for the last 400 years has completely impoverished the country, and if sultans of the same kind are to still sit on the Moroccan throne in the future, there is not the slightest hope that the country will progress in any regard at all.

The Arabs have been the dominant population group since the time of the caliphate, but while they in earlier times were both warrior-like and interested in the arts and sciences, they have now sunk to the lowest level in all. Industry and enterprise is a thing of the past. Darkness lies over the hallowed land. The pirate state, which for several years was a dread to all the seafaring nations, is now reduced to a country that only exists for the same reason as Turkey; one cannot agree on how to divide up the booty.

To think that we, way up in the north, had to pay tribute to the sultan of Morocco until 1844!

We can, however, console ourselves with the thought that we were not alone in this shameful disgrace.

When the major powers bombarded several of the sultan's coastal cities in order to force him to give up the pirate trade, Norway-Sweden also sent a squadron down here. From Norway came the frigate "*Freia*" and the corvette "*Nordstjernen*."¹

While the squadron lay in the harbor at Gibraltar, an important event occurred at home. We got our own naval ensign², and the Norwegian commanding admiral was not slow in hoisting the new Norwegian flag to not a little astonishment for the then ruling Swedish classes...

Muley Hassan is the current sultan of Morocco. He is said to have an imposing presence; he is not untouched by civilization; but Mr. Muley is one of the most bloodthirsty despots the country has had – this is according to the natives' accounts.

No wealthy pasha or sheik can be certain of his life. If the sultan has a need for money – and that he always has, of course – one must be careful not to show one's earthly mammon because such carelessness can easily make the owner a head shorter. Otherwise he makes much use of poison, which is perhaps the most convenient. He has a special passion for serving his wealthy subjects poison in tea.

¹ "The North Star"

² Flag flown by navy ships; usually the national flag with a serrated far edge. An odd combination of Swedish and Norwegian colors (*sildesalaten* or "the smorgaasbord"), not satisfactory to anybody, had been used since 1844.

The Moroccan Croesuses receive an invitation to appear at court; they do not dare decline the great honor, but this often becomes too much for them – they die from the apparent favor, and the Commander of the Faithful inherit their possessions.

You see, the sultan has assumed the management of all inheritances if there are no influential man who can protect the heirs of the deceased.

A few days before we arrived in Tangier, he had had the powerful pasha of Azilal poisoned by a slave woman.

She was still walking around free, and the sultan's deputy had immediately expropriated the pasha's possessions, including an unfinished palace with attached garden which he owned in Tangier. This property later became of great interest to us, because it was here that the consul general held a very lively party, which the reader will hear more about later.

In 1882 Muley Hassan went to war with one of his rebellious vassals, Hussein of Iligh. In the beginning it did not go well for him, and in the fighting near the town of Ouezzane he was totally lost and was only saved from capture and death by the courage of a brave Negro chieftain.

One would think that when peace was declared again, the chieftain would be rewarded for his deed, but what does Muley Hassan do? – he has the Negro executed, so that he would not be able to tell about his exploit and thereby weaken the Moroccans' belief that the life of the "Commander of the Faithful" does not depend on man, but on the great Allah.

After this, one may draw certain conclusions as to the state of the justice system in Morocco. On the other

hand, the Europeans are very advantageously situated, since they cannot be imprisoned except on orders from the respective consuls. Most European countries maintain consuls general or ministers in Tangier. Their residences comprise a whole district in the town. The Norwegian-Swedish consul general Cassel and his wife – a French lady – distinguished themselves by their gracious hospitality to the crew during our stay.

Among other things they invited us to take a tour on *burros* (small donkeys) up to the lighthouse on Cape Spartel.

A couple of officers who had been to Tangier with "*Nornen*" before gave us an idea of the fun we would have if we went on the trip; they had had the same adventure themselves as cadets.



VII

Burro Ride to Cape Spartel

The whole cadet corps may have leave," said the captain when the consular secretary, Emilio Dahl, arrived with the Cassel's invitation to a burro ride.

At 5 A.M. Saturday morning we were turned out. We got out of our hammocks with uncommon haste and did not rub our eyes as much as usual because the anticipated joys of the day had brought exceptional energy to us cadets.

It was quite dark and overcast out, and it was raining, so one can imagine that our courage fell a little when we looked out through the ports and then contemplated our shiny white trousers and ditto caps. After having consumed a light breakfast, which was very sensible of us – we were delighted to see the rain die away. We immediately crowded into the starboard sloop and were towed toward shore by the steam launch.

But it was not so easy to get to dry land; it was low tide, and it was not to be expected that the old pirates' nest could afford to build a pier.

We now had to make use of a living transportation medium for the first time – that is to say "the apostles' horses."

No sooner had we gone aground than we were surrounded by an army of Arabs, Negroes, and Spaniards who scuffling and yelling between themselves wanted the reward for carrying us to dry land. We then chose those who looked to be the cleanest and strongest. Remarkably, we got safely to shore – right enough with a few splashes on the white unmentionables, but that was soon repaired with the piece of chalk we had providently taken along.

The consul general's servants were waiting at the so-called bridge to receive us and show us the way to his house, which was not all that easy.

There has surely been some thought given to the possibility of creating something resembling streets in Tangier, but it has not been successful, because all kinds of trash and garbage is just thrown out of doors and form small barricades for those attempting to pass, either riding or walking; one cannot drive. Equally modern streets are said to be found in the other cities. Therefore, there is not a single carriage in the Sultanate of Morocco.

Mr. Cassel and his wife welcomed us in the most hospitable manner. While our breakfast was being prepared, the consul gave us a tour of the house and showed us many curiosities among which I especially noticed a magnificent collection of Moorish hunting implements which the consul said were gifts from some Arab sheiks.

From up on the roof, which as you know, is always horizontal in the southern latitudes, we had a wonderful view out over Tangier with the citadel and the beautiful harbor. However, the earsplitting racket from an Arabic schoolhouse threw a dash of prosaic reality into this poetically lovely, picturesque sight.

The route for the day's outing was the subject of a lively discussion between the consul and the secretary, since it was desirable to gain as much benefit from the day as possible, and when the Arabic servant came to call us to breakfast, it had been decided that we should take different paths going and returning; that way we could see both "Hercules' Grotto" and "The Mountain" (*El Monte*), Tangier's main tourist attractions.

Amid lively conversation we consumed the, for us cadets, somewhat scanty breakfast – a little chocolate and scrambled eggs to stick in the mouth and some pretty carnations to stick in our lapels – that was the whole of it, so the aforementioned light breakfast onboard had been a good idea.

The *burros* with their attendants stood waiting outside with the guide, who rode a skeletal gaunt mule. Armed with a substantial rod for each, we under much laughter climbed aboard our unfamiliar means of transportation.

Burros are truly a necessity in Africa, for what neither horses nor mules can accomplish in such a climate, can be done by these small animals, whose patience cannot be surpassed by any other living creature.

We finally got under way. The drivers incessantly cried: "*Erra, erra, Burro!*" and beat the animals with their sticks, which caused the poor creatures to run 10-12 paces before reverting to their usual gait, which tried our unpracticed patience not a little.

In retrospect, we probably made quite a comical spectacle.

First our guide, the serious, proud Arab, in the lead, then we cadets, our faces red as peonies, sitting on our small animals smoking cigarettes and bawling, "*Erra*,

erra, burros!" And as a backdrop, the Moorish donkey drivers in their picturesque dress, quite as depicted in the popular magazines.

None of us rode like cowboys; probably because we were so used to balance ourselves on deck, and when we had to ford a small muddy creek, a fat cadet became "*à la Ganger Rolf*" stuck fast with his *burro*. When the driver began to work over its hindquarters with a thick rod, it brayed as harmoniously as only donkeys know how, lifted its hind legs and covered the fat cadet's unmentionables with a layer of evil-smelling muddy water. Not even the piece of chalk could help here – he must soothe himself with the thought that the fair sex kept well away from these wildernesses - - - -

After 2 ½ hours' ride through a kind of steppe landscape we arrived at "Hercules' Grotto."

We left the drivers to mind our *burros* while we walked down into the cave. A cool breeze streamed toward us and felt comfortable to our excited nerves, which had become highly sensitive due to the exertions we had experienced in driving the animals onward.

Down at the bottom of the largest cave there appeared a sight that one would think would be more at home in "1,001 Nights."

An enormously large arched chamber lay before us; by the entrance to a smaller grotto there sat a group of white-bearded Arab oldsters, almost naked, and beating on the maize millstones that are so common in Africa.

In this cave there occurs a kind of soft but tough stone that may be cut and shaped like our grindstones and is used throughout North-Africa to grind grain with since mills are hardly known. I believe these people

were as surprised as we were by this unexpected encounter between the sons of Shem and Japheth.

It was a scene that could have made a subject for a painter or a poet!

In the middle we northerners, to whom the curious light in the grotto gave a ghostlike appearance, surrounded by naked Arabs, and far away in the opposite end of the chamber a little round opening, through which the Atlantic Ocean shimmered in the distance while its assaults against the rock wall below echoed as distant thunder.

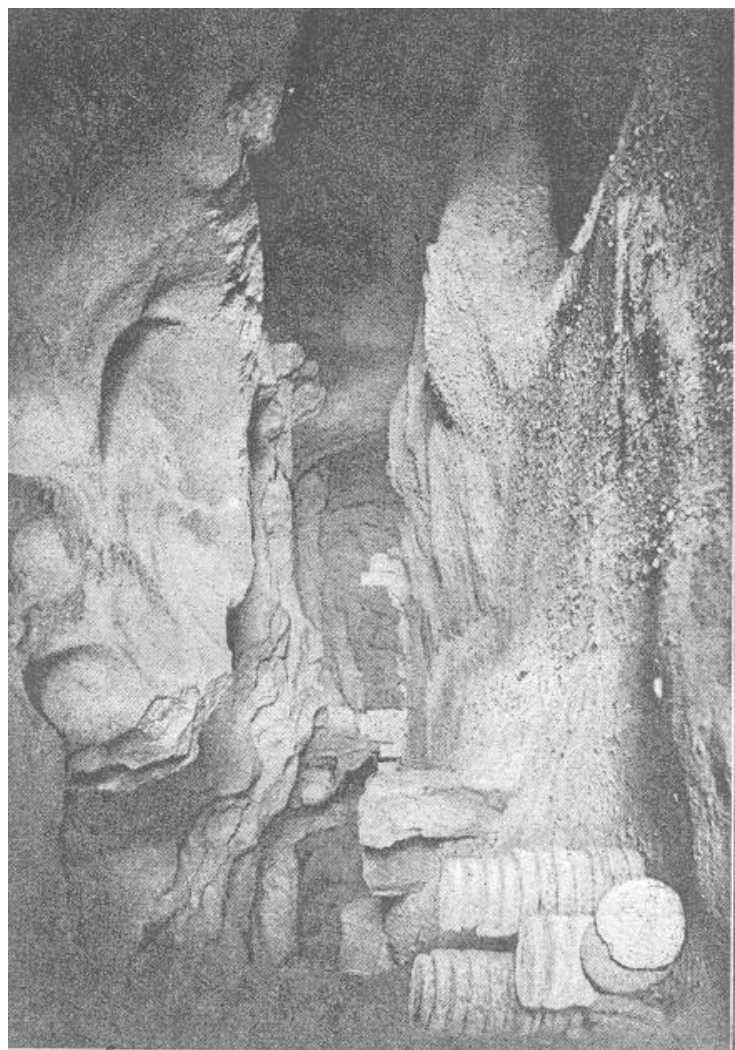
After a very friendly parting from the Arabs, we once more ascended to the surface, and the caravan resumed its itinerary.

The consular secretary rode ahead to warn the inhabitants of Cape Spartel of our impending onslaught on their gastronomic provisions.

The road went along the beach in loose sand that was not easy to ride on, but we made it after a fashion, and after an hours exertions we arrived at the north-westernmost point of Africa, the Cape Spartel lighthouse, an oasis in this uncultivated countryside, where we were received with serene greetings by the lighthouse keeper, an old Austrian.

In accordance with the secretary and consul general's prearrangements, a substantial lunch had been prepared for us in a wing of the lighthouse base.

Wine, *fricassée* of lamb, fruits, and eggs were gulped down in succession with astonishing haste. Our appetite may be understood after such unaccustomed exertions.



Hercules' Grotto.

Following the luncheon, we were given a tour of the lighthouse.

Cape Spartel is the only lighthouse on the entire Moroccan coastline.

It is impossible not to feel interest for this bright point of civilization that marks the border of this great continent; three times as large as Europe in area. This dark country which still is alien and unknown to the world despite Livingstone's and Stanley's dedicated efforts.

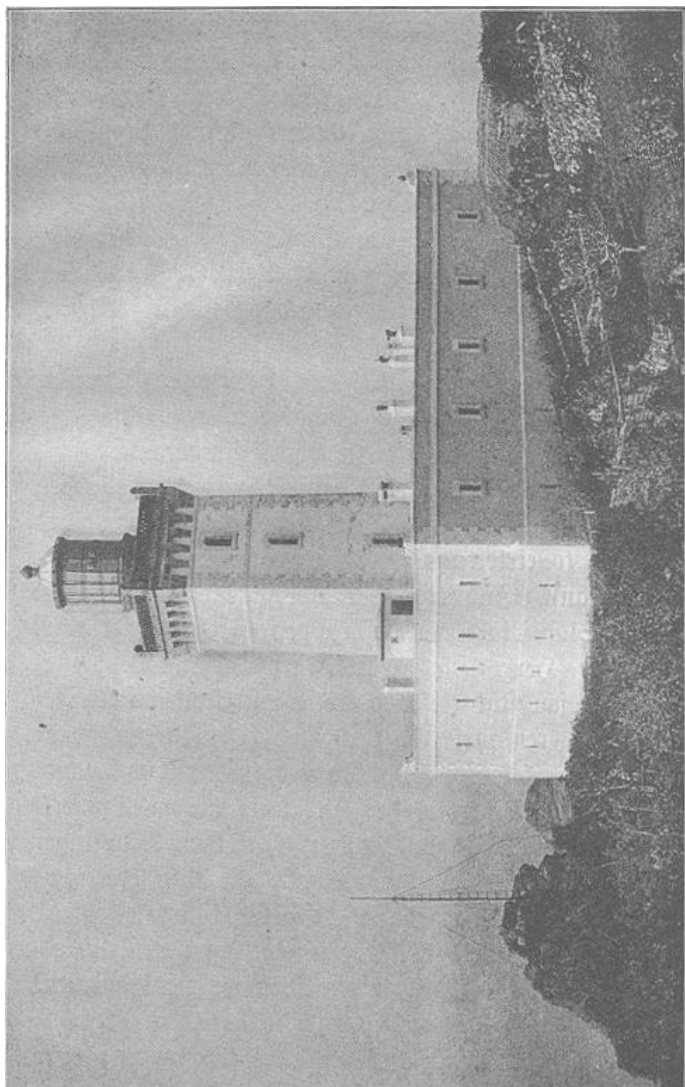
At that, why should Sultan Muley Hassan maintain such a luxury as lighthouses on the coasts of his realm? His subjects profit more if ships wreck than by their safe passage. The small *feluccas* that are all the Moroccan merchant fleet consist of can generally make their way in to one of the small harbors along the coast.

The expense of maintaining the lighthouse is paid by the European states themselves.

It is built on a cliff, 80 meters above the sea and quite near the beach. The tower is 27 meters high. Both it and the keeper's residence are surrounded by a square sided high masonry wall.

When we had viewed everything on the exterior, we went up into the tower which more resemble the wing of a palace than a mere support structure for the magnificent cupola housing the light; the walls were completely white as chalk and the several landings were inlaid with mosaic work.

From the cupola, we had a superb view out over the Atlantic Ocean to Nelson's everlasting memorial, Cape Trafalgar, which could easily be seen in the distance.



Cape Sparte.

A great deal of the Spanish coast could be very clearly seen; even the small houses in the towns of Conil and Tarifa were distinguishable. The lighthouse keeper said that if the weather had been clear, one could have made out people in the streets with binoculars. On this day there was a light haze over the Spanish coast, so we could not verify this.

As we looked out over the ocean, we could see a lot of vessels, ranging from large ocean steamers to the little easy sailing *feluccas*, which steered into and out of the world's busiest seaway.

But we could not stand up there for long. There was much to see, the day short, and the way home long.

Descending the tower, we sang "*Ja, vi elsker dette landet*"¹ in chorus with full force, which was returned manifold by the echo from the stone walls. Above the portal at the entrance there were two circular brass tablets with inscriptions in Arabic and French which translated mean, "Sultan Sidi Mahomet raised this lighthouse in 1865."

This gentleman apparently thought it necessary thus to commemorate such a magnificent shrine to civilization.

The lighthouse keeper now led us around the complex where he had collected a lot of curiosities, including a pair of tame hedgehogs that attracted much attention. Many kinds of crawling animals, insects, shellfish, and large skeletons of sea creatures also were of not a little interest to us, because, as we came to an animal, the Austrian would tell us about how it was collected

¹ The Norwegian national anthem.

and its preparation for exhibition in museums, which he often supplied with such specimens.

Since it was now 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we again mounted our elegant means of transportation after a cordial leave-taking with the lighthouse keeper and his family. As had been decided earlier, we now took a different route in order to view the natural splendors of "*El Monte*."

It went a little slow in the beginning, as we, as could be expected, were still sore from the long ride in the forenoon, but song and lighthearted banter drove all cares away, and soon the calls of "*Erra, erra burros!*" came even more spirited than before.

The poor creatures also picked up the pace a little; perhaps they understood that they were homeward bound.

After about a 2 hours' ride, "*El Monte*" lay before us; from the top we could very distinctly see the cliffs of Gibraltar, which by its distinctive shape is easily distinguished from other mountains.

All of "*El Monte*" is covered by a low scrub forest with a few palms reaching up out of it here and there. No roads, not even a path, have been carved out for ease of communications through this picturesque landscape which lie dormant like Sleeping Beauty's castle until a prince, in the form of a bearer of civilization, wake the quiescent land to new life.

We began the descent sitting on our four-footed philosophers who showed themselves in a brighter light than heretofore. If we earlier had complained about their sluggishness in the horizontal plane, we now had to express our admiration for their competence in the nearly

vertical. Here even our small fjord horses¹ would come up short.

Highly elated by spectacular ride, we eventually got down with our hides intact. The road now passed through natural avenues, completely overshadowed by masses of vines, until we arrived at "Morocco's Vatican," the estate of Mohammed's descendant, Sidi Abdel Selam.

Sidi is what the Arabs call a *Santos*² (holy man) since he can list his descent from Fatima, and as such he is the Arabs' religious head. By making inquiries of some half-civilized Arabs, we received quite a lot of information regarding this remarkable man. Sultan Muley Hassan is not fond of this closer heir to the throne, wherefore Sidi has accepted French protection and has received the title and rank of honorary colonel in a regiment of Zouaves, of which he is quite proud, from the French Government. In case he is poisoned or otherwise experiences a sudden demise, the Algerian army will overrun Morocco's borders, and that Muley Hassan is reluctant to expose himself to; he has the war his father, Sidi ben Mohammed, fought with Spain in 1859 in fresh memory.

The colonel is married to an English governess who has received the honor of being No. 1 in his harem. She has permission to hold a kind of court in Tangier. If luck holds out for the Englishwoman, we may sometime hear her spoken of as Morocco's sultana.

¹ A Norwegian breed called *fjording*; also found in Iceland.

² *Santos* is Spanish or Portuguese for saints or images of saints; *Sayyid* is an honorific title given those who claim direct descent from Mohammed. .

She and the consul general's wife are said to be close friends, and Sidi himself favors the Europeans. The Arabs do not like that he has accepted French protection, but awe of the Fatimid is so unquestioning that the *Santos* has almost as much power in North-Africa as the pope has in Europe.

We met him some distance away from his estate, and he looked so impressive, this Arab, that we, without knowing who he was, instinctively saluted, while the Arabic guide, quick as lightning, threw himself down off his mule and kissed Sidi's foot.

He was quite brown with a good natured expression on his wise countenance; his fiery Arabic stallion seemed to know who it was carrying. On his head, he wore an ordinary straw hat; otherwise he was dressed in his French colonel's uniform with a field cape thrown over the shoulders. – I have since seen in the newspapers that he later led the sultan's delegation on the occasion of Kaiser Wilhelm II's coronation.

From the "Vatican," the road continued through fairly well cultivated fields since a number of Europeans had built their villas here.

When crossing some small streams, we saw the remains of several bridges from Roman times.

It is likely that substantial rivers once ran through these valleys, but have now dried out.

It is quite fascinating to think about how Christianity and civilization bloomed in this part of the Roman empire 1500 years ago. How deserted and empty it now looks! God alone may know how many years will pass before the light of civilization penetrates again.

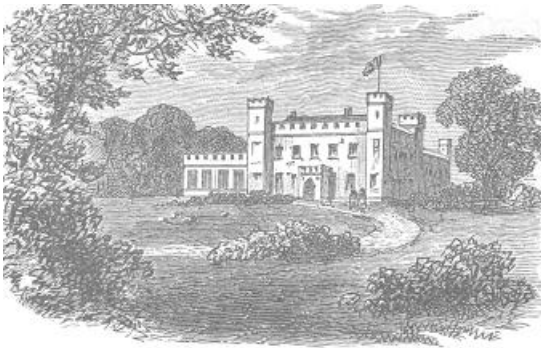
It might be that Morocco's prospects would be better if a forceful sultan gained the throne and could rein in

the several tribes with an iron hand and so steer the government of the nation toward progress, but that does not appear likely. The harem life corrupts most Moslem rulers, and a voluptuous life saps their energies. It would be best if a civilized major power could bring the country under a strong administration. Algeria is a good corroboration of that.

At 7 o'clock we finally arrived at the landing place, where the same maneuvers repeated themselves as in the morning.

Dahl accompanied us onboard in order to invite us to a party in the pasha of Azilal's garden the following day. (The entire crew had been invited before.)

The invitation was approved by the captain, and we went to sleep that evening confident that we had experienced one of the most interesting days in our not so slightly exciting lives.



VIII

A party in the poisoned pasha's palace.

Sunday morning a studdingsail spar and 6 top-men will leave the ship," read a somewhat secretive entry in the exec-officer's order book.

We guessed at all possible things until "The Orlop Intelligencer,"¹ which just did not distinguish itself by its reliability, firmly reported that in the afternoon there would be a competition involving climbing the studdingsail spar, well smeared with soap and with prizes furnished by the young ladies of the consulates at the top.

Well, this sounded quite reasonable, and we expected much amusement from the effect of the soap, since we were thinking of 17th of May celebrations back in Norway, but there was not to be any climbing, for when we came up to the garden where the party was to be held, the spar stood there very satisfactorily erected, but instead of having prizes at the top, there waved the Norwegian naval ensign.

The problem was that there were no flagpoles in all of Tangier except in the Citadel and on the consular residences, so the consul general had been obliged to borrow a studdingsail spar in order to provide one.

The garden had belonged to the aforementioned pasha of Azilal, and Sidi Abdel Selam who had taken possession of the garden and its unfinished palace in the

¹ *Orlop Intelligencer*- belowdecks scuttlebutt; onboard rumor mill.

name of the sultan, had been so kind as to lend the consul general the property for the Sunday's event.

In the beginning the conversations were somewhat forced. The consul and some ladies were onboard "*Nornen*" for lunch, but when he returned he soon livened up the atmosphere. Refreshments were served, and a choir of *constables*¹ entertained with national anthems. Then we began to play "the living pyramid" by the improvised flagpole, 3 men high, and at the top was placed a skinny little cadet. "*Ja, vi elsker dette landet.....*" was now chorused by the whole pyramid, but when they came to, "*også vi når det blir krevet,*" the bottom row of sailors may have been too enthusiastic in their movements, for suddenly we saw the little cadet disappear, and then the whole top row, whereupon the final strophe dissolved in peals of laughter, which grew still louder when no one was found to have been injured.

Officers and cadets were then conducted up to the palace where an improvised ballroom had been arranged on the second floor and prettily decorated with flowers and flags. A great many invited ladies, among whom the aforementioned Abdel Selam's No. 1 wife and the European ministers' wives and daughters were noted, had already arrived. The presentations were quickly dispensed with, and in a highly animated mood we began engaging partners to dance. Soon the guests were whirling around the spacious dance floor in a lively waltz played by "*Nornen's*" music corps. However, it was not long before we all found that conversation was to be preferred

¹ *Constable* has the same meaning as in English, i.e., uniformed policeman, but here must mean enlisted sailors serving as military police

in the high heat. Dancing was especially hard on Abdel Selam's No. 1, who puffed like a whalefish whenever one of the cadets took a turn around the floor with her.

Not less than 14 nations were represented in the room. One would think that sensible conversation would be impossible in such a confusion of tongues, but the opposite was the case. The party was a success, and we went back onboard convinced that Norway cannot have many consuls general like Mr. Cassel, and that he must count himself fortunate to have in his employ such a clever and congenial secretary as the nineteen-year old Emilio Dahl. The *constables* were not quite so happy though; the "wet wares" had been only parsimoniously distributed, but it was not the consul general's fault, for he had sent his Arabic servants off to bring wine.

However, these had found it more appropriate to moisten their own throats, and the result was that they returned in an unstable condition with only a fraction of the wine left.



IX

Gibraltar

Monday noon "*Nornen*" raised anchor and steamed out of the bay at Tangier, out from the dark continent and toward the light. — 4 hours later we lay in Gibraltar's harbor.

Is there anywhere on earth such a sudden transition? We can easily answer, no.

On the one side the outline of "Sleeping Beauty's slumbering castle garden" is dimly seen with the dark Africa behind, filled with barbarism and ignorance, and inhabited by the sons of Ishmael; on the other side the southernmost point of the light continent, Albion's guard post, where North-European civilization and the sons of Japheth rule.

Might Tareq, Walid I's¹ renowned commander, have been conscious of the thought that he was laying the foundation stone for the world's only impregnable fortification when he built "the Moorish Citadel" at the foot of this cliff? That is probably doubtful, but it bears witness to his clear vision, for here he always had a solid base from which to defy the Christian armies.

Jebel al Tariq (Tareq's Mountain), or Gibraltar as it is now called, has a glorious history. How many thou-

¹ Actually, Tariq ibn Ziad on orders from Musa ibn Nusair, governor of North Africa, when Walid ibn Abdul Malik was caliph of Damascus in 711 A.D. The caliph was apparently not consulted.

sands have not butted themselves to death against its hard headland; how many desperate attempts have not been made to win this pearl?

England first gained possession of Gibraltar in 1704. The Wars of the Spanish Succession had raged for a couple of years, and a joint Anglo-Dutch fleet was sent down to Tangier to be in the vicinity of Spain.

One day, the admiral of the fleet, Sir George Rooke, received information that Gibraltar's garrison had been drastically reduced. He immediately decided to make an attempt, and despite the Spaniards' brave defense and burning prayers to Madonna, the fortress fell into the hands of the English.

The Spaniards have since made several attempts to drive them out, but all in vain. I will take the liberty of describing one siege – the fourteenth such – which has become famous because of the valiant defense conducted by the English commander, George Augustus Elliott.

It happened a little more than a hundred years ago during the War of the American Revolution. France, Spain, and the Netherlands declared war on England on the pretext of helping the colonies. The first attack was on Gibraltar, which soon drew attention from all of Europe. Siege and defense became more extraordinary than anything known from either ancient or modern history.

His Catholic Majesty, Charles IV, entrusted the conduct of the siege to the capable Duc de Crillon, the conqueror of Minorca, and under him Admiral Cordova and the Prince of Nassau. Experience had shown that one could not defeat this fortress by the usual methods. The great efforts that Spain had made during earlier sieges were proof that a small corps of defenders not only

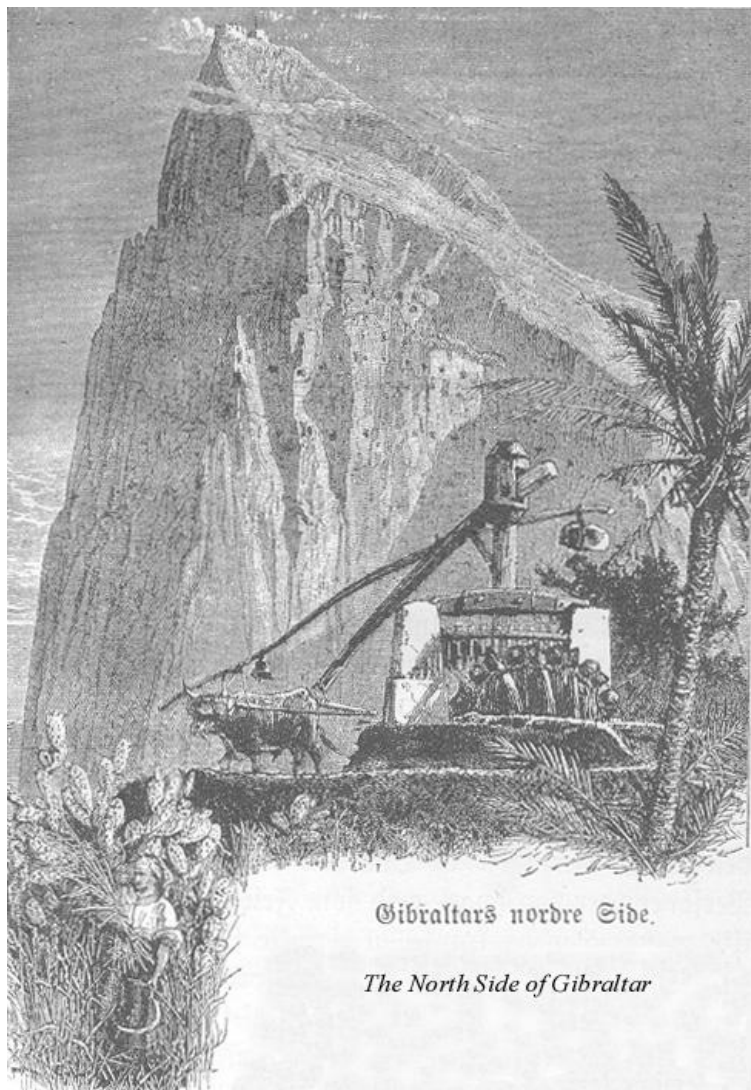
could defy the entire military power of Spain, but could also inflict substantial damage on the besiegers.

Many plans were proposed and as quickly rejected until the famous French engineer d'Arcon put forward an ingenious scheme which included deploying some floating batteries he had constructed in conjunction with an attack by the fleet.

These batteries were intended to be impossible to either sink or burn. The first of these characteristics was thought to have been achieved by an unusually thick protective cladding on the bottoms, and the second by protecting the side exposed to the enemy with a wall composed of timber and cork with a layer of wet sand between. There were likewise remarkable safeguards against bombs and fires. Approximately 1,000 cannon and 80,000 men were assembled before the fortress; there were no less than 83,000 hundredweights of powder on hand. Besides the war machines, a large number of other vessels were also to participate in the attack, among them 300 boats to bring troops ashore once a proper breach had been made.

On the 8th of September 1782 the cannonade from the fortress began to good effect at which besiegers became so embittered that they undertook one assault after the other, but only to their own cost and little damage for Elliott and his plucky band.

On the 13th of September the floating batteries were moved in to about 1,000 meters from the fortress and began an intense fire which was promptly answered by the English. No narrative can adequately describe the events which took place this day and the following night.



Gibraltars nordre Side.

The North Side of Gibraltar

The batteries seemed to answer to expectations, but the firing weakened along in the afternoon, since several were set on fire by the English cannon firing red-hot shot. The English cannonade intensified, and both Admiral Cordova's and the Prince of Nassau's ships of the line began to burn.

The fire from the fortress continually played across the burning masses which were easy to see in the dark. The Spaniards, undaunted, still kept up their fire until the English Captain Harris executed a flank attack with 12 gunboats, that was a complete success.

This determined maybe forever England's right of possession of the fortress. - - -

At dawn many of the crews on the burning ships were observed waving their arms and crying for help. Then there appeared a spot of light in this terrible battle; it was Curtis and his crews courageously defying death to save these unfortunates. Many of the Englishmen were badly burned, but they also had the satisfaction of having saved 2,000 men from certain death.

This assault on Gibraltar thus totally miscarried.

The Count d'Artois, the later King Charles X of France, the duke of Bourbon, and several other high-ranking persons who had joined as volunteers, thus did not get many laurel wreaths to adorn themselves with, but it surely must have been a consolation for them to know that braver men than they had met defeat at the base of Tareq's Mountain. England has managed to keep it since, but what that honor has cost can hardly be imagined.

At present, Gibraltar has 800 functional cannon and a garrison of 8,000 men. The total population is 13,000, so the whole town may be thought of simply as one military base.

It consists, however, of two towns which together form Gibraltar – the fortress with the English quarter, and "Spanish Town," as it is called, only separated by a little country lane – but as different in every way as night and day.

It is quite remarkable; you only have to go a few paces into "Spanish Town" before miserable shacks, dirty streets, and ragged children meet your eye. Here one gets a graphic demonstration of the reasons for Spain's decline. First the Catholic superstition which lays the heaviest yoke – that of ignorance – on the shoulders of the masses. Its presence is manifest in the form of fat monks everywhere. Then there is the boundless laziness that one is constantly reminded of as there are always a large number of unemployed people in the streets, in the windows, and especially in the taverns, which are as common as flies in April, and lastly as the major factor, the passionate sensuality that marks so many. Perhaps the picture is inaccurate as pertaining to all of Spain, but it is the general impression one has from visiting one of the port cities.

In the "English quarter" we observed a trimness that one would rarely find equaled; here everything was neat and clean, no hungry and dirty kids to see, likewise no monks' habits. Here was a scene that exemplified the active and enterprising sons of Albion. People from all

corners of the world join in harmony with the "red-coats."*)¹

Since we were military personnel, we received permission to visit the interior of the fortress, which is nearly impossible for civilians to obtain. Most people have an erroneous conception of its construction. Many that I have spoken with insist in full seriousness that the mountain is hollowed out, which on closer consideration is an obvious impossibility. Others have thought that it is a natural cavern from which the cannon are hung across the cliff face by iron straps. None of these conjectures are even close to the truth.



¹ *) The English soldiers wear scarlet coats; hence the name "red-coats."

X

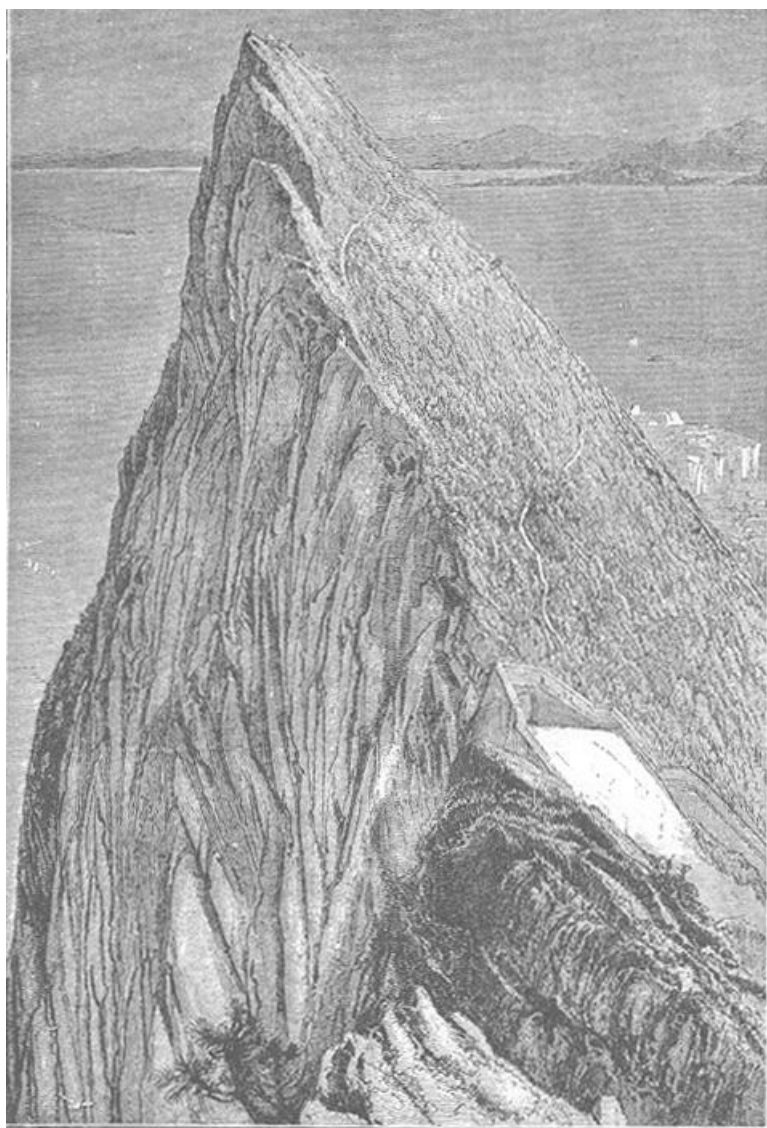
Visiting the fortress

Accompanied by our smartly turned out cadet officers, we began ascending the mountain one day. We had not gone far before a gate barred our progress, but since the sentry, looking at our open and honest faces, easily let himself be convinced of our friendly intentions, the gate was opened wide, and one of the English lieutenants came out of the guardhouse and with cordial civility offered to show us around. The road initially went up a narrow path, where a powder wagon just could pass, until another gate barred the way.

A key was turned, --- and we entered a tunnel , or gallery as it is called, mined out of the mountain such that the rock wall facing the harbor is ca. 2 meters thick. The cannon stand on their mounts approximately 10 meters apart with ammunition for 200 shots stacked alongside each gun, and point their muzzles out of the embrasures cut into the mountainside. We had to pass by 6 such galleries connected by a mountain path before we came up on a ridge about 400 meters above sea level.

A refreshing breeze blew through the embrasures which greatly eased the ascent, and excellent drinking water ran through pipes down into cisterns spaced at suitable intervals.

On the aforementioned ridge, we gathered on a platform from which there is wonderful view over the Mediterranean, Algeciras, and the adjoining countryside; even Cape Spartel could be recognized through the hazy air. This platform would also be very convenient for those who wish to rest their tired limbs, because just a



Gibraltar og Afrika.

few centimeters too close to the edge will bring their earthly remains to rest in the English cemetery which lies straight below at the foot of the cliff.

To the north, on the Spanish side, there is a mountain known as "The Spanish Queen's Chair." The English lieutenant who guided us told a droll story about the origin of this name.

Some years after Sir George Rooke conquered Gibraltar, the plucky Marie Louise, Philip V's queen, decided to make an attempt to wrest the fortress from the English.

When the Spanish army was assembled outside Gibraltar, she called the generals together and gave them a rousing speech and promised that whoever first planted the Spanish flag on the summit would get one of Andalusia's richest dukedoms. The generals amid cheers for the queen promised to exert themselves to the utmost.

Whereupon the queen with her entourage went up on the mountain and sat herself on a throne and swore an oath by the Shrine of Santiago that she would not go down until the Spanish flag waved from Tareq's Mountain.

Assaults followed assaults, but the English was not to be moved in spite of the Spaniards' bravery. These now saw no way out, but to send an emissary to the English commander and explain to him about the queen's impulsive notion. This gallant cavalier took pity on the beautiful queen – after all, she might catch a cold up there on the mountaintop. "This we must prevent, gentlemen," he told his officers, "raise the Spanish royal standard at once!" Thus now Marie Louise could come down from the mountain without breaking her oath, and

that she expeditiously did to the cheers of the Spaniards and the English garrison.

Gibraltar's highest point is still 100 meters higher, but as they were in the process of installing a new battery up there, we had to be satisfied with the height we had reached.

We marched down by another route, and we passed by the aforementioned Moorish citadel that Tareq built after the victory at Jerez de la Frontera. Despite its 1178 years, it is in excellent condition and will certainly still stand for a long time as one of the many testimonials to the Moors' advanced construction arts.

A little farther down by the foot of the mountain lies the unusually beautiful Alameda which we got to see on the following day in all its glory.

Here the finest treasures of Flora have been gathered. Plants from the tropical as well as the temperate zones are to be found here in rich profusion, neatly arranged in artistic order.

Every evening the music lovers of Gibraltar gather here to enjoy the performances of the garrison orchestra while they inhale the delicious fragrances of the flowers.

XI

An evening in Gibraltar's Alameda

We arrived in the park about 7 o'clock.

I could immediately sense that I was where I actually was. This I had dreamed about, thus I had imagined the lovely South, just like that radiant July evening down by the base of Tareq's Mountain.

The queen of the day had long since retired, and darkness began falling around; it was not long before it took over.

Everything acquired a hazy, uncertain look; all the fortifications, the military barracks, and the high walls appeared as a single flat surface which merged with the cliff of Gibraltar; everything became black, and what became the blackest of all were the round openings in the cliff-face which led in to the gun galleries.

There was to be a gala event in the Alameda this evening and people had already begun to stream southward to the park.

A sharp flash lit the air on top of the cliff and a rolling thunder followed – it was 8 o'clock – and out across the varicolored, vibrant, southern, multitude surged the tones of the wonderful British brass band that had set up stand in the orange grove. "Rule Britannia" swelled through the grove, and though we were Norwegian warriors, we joined in with full hearts as the whole mass of people sang with vigorous enthusiasm.

Oriental lamps were lit between the trees, and their flickering light cast a peculiar illumination over the flowerbeds and terraces.

English uniforms were everywhere to be seen at the side of lovely ladies' gowns that must appeal to the most jaded eye – and everywhere life and merriment.

We followed the brilliant uniforms and the ladies down the winding path, up over the terraces past the water fountains, which played in a thousand colors and fell cascading into the great marble cisterns. We felt as if we too were part of the multitude, as if we were intimate with it, and why shouldn't we? – Because just this way we made ourselves comfortable; if one is to thrive, one must feel at home in the environment.

See now the company riding horseback up there in the tree lined avenue; how gracefully the ladies sit their saddles, followed by their obedient servants, the officers. – A race is improvised among the ladies, during which the gentlemen stay somewhat behind, but at the merest wink they are immediately at the side of their fair companions.

She wins, the young beauty, who sits on the fiery Arab steed that seems to know who it is that it carries.

A bouquet of flowers from the Alameda's abundant flora is the price, and it is given to her by a gallant captain with the Egyptian medal on his tunic.

He looks just as happy as she – maybe he too has won something this evening.

But we were prevented from going further.

The shore leave's expiration rudely disrupts our blissful state of being in the form of the senior cadet, who as the very picture of responsibility and sense of duty, is afraid that we will be late to meet the boat that is coming for us even though the half-hour could be stretched a few minutes.

We leave the enchanting scene behind; later in life we may perhaps dream about what might have been and imagine ourselves transported under the orange trees amid intoxicating southern flower scents under a starry night sky down by the shores of the Mediterranean.



XII

Departing Gibraltar – "Clear ship!" – Arrival at St. Nazaire

The following day the corvette raised anchor, but we were not to get out of the Strait of Gibraltar on that day – wind and current were too much for our "Oilworks." After 16 hours of tacking under sail and steam with a result of 0, "*Nornen*" had to turn around by evening, not to Gibraltar as we had wished, but back into the Mediterranean.

The winds died down on Sunday; we tried again, and now we got past the Pillars of Hercules.

Towards noon we sighted Nelson's memorial, Cape Trafalgar, outside which he delivered his last battle on 21 October 1805.

Then we set sail and stuck a course for the Azores in order to avoid the Portuguese northerly winds. It went rather slowly for a whole week; we had calms almost every day, and of course that was not the best weather for sailing maneuvers.

Instead we got topmast exercises with lowering and raising spars and yards, shifting topsails, and "clear ship!" which were all excellent means for eliminating that miniature edition of the Devil's pillow – laziness – which during our long stays in Tangier and Gibraltar must have stealthily crept in under our pillows.

"Clear ship!" may be worth describing in more detail so that one from the following can get some understanding of how an enemy is received by an older navy ship.

The drummer first beats the well-known roll. Immediately the entire crew spring to their posts; the enlisted men, who mostly form the rifle divisions, line up on the cabin and on the forecastle, constables and cadets by their respective cannon. All the hammocks are removed from *finkenetterne*¹ and distributed partly around the cabin and the forecastle, partly in the shrouds, to shield the crew against musket fire. All kinds of precautions are taken to prevent spars from falling down to the deck. Skylights are covered, and the powder handling gang is distributed from the powder magazine to the deck. The ambulance crew stands ready to carry down the wounded. All officers buckle on their sabers and revolvers, and the battery chief issues orders as to whether the guns will be fired on command or at will.

A new signal! It pertains to the boarding crew; the enemy's boarding attempt is to be repelled, the "Attack!" is bugled, and amid hurrahs the brave boarding crew and their officers climb up on the railing, yell like wild men, wave their sabers, fire their revolvers, and generally behave as murderously intimidating as possible, while some stand by with the so-called "boarding pikes" and poke them out through the ports in the hope of hitting some enemy or other who might try to sneak aboard through these.

¹ *Finkenett* - hammock netting - a space formed by two rows of upright netting along the bulwark railings on sail ships and used for stowing the crew's hammocks and bedding when not in use.

A couple of hundred random shots are fired from the tops, the cabin, and the forecabin, of which some fired from the tops may occasionally demonstrate their efficacy by holes in a new topsail.

The boarding crews are again signaled to man the cannon, and all hands swiftly vanish from the railings and arrive huffing and puffing at the guns.

Sometimes it is pretended there is a fire onboard. The ship's bell rings and all that can be called pumps is set in motion, of course served by their respective crews. But the fire is soon extinguished; the drummer sounds "Stop!" and all falls back into its old order again.

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But *en avant*, we were supposed to be in St. Nazaire on July 30th, and the road was long. We also got more headwinds than what we needed in order to not get there too soon. The winds turned favorable when we came up under the French coast, and Friday, July 29th, we got Belle Isle in sight.

We "made land" as soon as possible in order to get a pilot onboard. We did get him on in the afternoon, but according to the schedule, we were not to go in to St. Nazaire until the following day.

Saturday morning we finally set course for the Loire estuary. Here we again could see the fresh, green grass that we had not seen since we left Scotland; for wherever we turned our eyes in the Bay of Tangier or at Gibraltar, we only saw this stiff, yellow grass that from a distance give the area a desert-like appearance.

At first we could not see the town since it is surrounded on three sides by pretty villages with verdant fields and forests. Especially St. Martin is uncommonly blessed by nature as it lies out by the shore, surrounded by villas, cloisters, and parks.

Since we could not get in to the docks except at high tide, "*Nornen*" had to anchor in the outer harbor for a couple of hours.

Finally we entered the famous dock area, which is said to be the world's largest. Thanks to the "Oilworks" everything went smoothly despite the narrow channel between the buoys.

When we arrived at the pier where our proud *bateau d'ecole* were to be put on display, there were some old lighters there engaged in loading old rags and rotten bones. These refuse haulers then had to move off, but part of the cargo was left on the pier all afternoon and sent us a fragrant welcome greeting.

Our reception here was not as courteous here as when "*Nornen*" visited Montreal in 1886.

There the pier was blocked by shipload of coal at "*Nornen's*" arrival. As incredible as it may sound, the coal was removed, the pier cleaned and hosed down, and every trace of the coal loading operation was gone within an hour's time.

Otherwise the location was favorable for our corvette as the pier was so low that the black hull rose majestically up in the air with its slender rigging. Also there were no "Atlantic palaces" anchored nearby, that could call attention to the differences between the modern and antique shipbuilding arts.



XIII

St. Nazaire – History of the Town – Regatta – Visit Nantes – A Military Funeral – Departure

That St. Nazaire has had strong defensive works in the past is testified to by the still existing embankments.

Already in the twelfth century it was known as one of the duke of Brittany's principal strong points in his struggle for independence from the French king. After that it slowly decayed until it about 50 years ago was a village of no importance whatever.

When shipping on the Loire increased in the later years, the town again began to bloom.

One of the main reasons for this turn of events was that Nantes, which lies 70 kilometers farther up the river, cannot be visited by the modern colossi because of their deep draft.

A port town was needed – St. Nazaire was chosen – and thus began its steadily increasing maritime importance.

The town was connected to Nantes with a railway by which ship cargoes can be cheaply sent directly to Nantes and from here be distributed all over France.

When the great transatlantic company was formed, St. Nazaire was chosen as the most convenient harbor to serve as the main port for these floating palaces, whose number at this time is said to be about 60. The dock area of course had to be developed and enlarged, and this it has been done to such a degree that it can be said to be unique in the world. But then a lot is required to handle such colossi as "*La Bretagne*," "*La Normandie*," and "*La Champagne*," the company's largest ships.

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On the same day that the corvette came up to the pier, the captain was invited to allow the ship's boats to participate in a regatta that was to take place the following day, in the afternoon of the 22nd of July.

The boats from the French dispatch steamer "*l'Albatros*" ran several practice runs up and down the dock while we made fast.

The sailors were dressed in rowing costumes which caused us to believe they were members of some sports club until we heard about the regatta.

It was a beautiful sight to see their elastic and powerful oar strokes, and the courage sank not a little within our rowers, especially when they compared the elegant French boats with our hard-to-row pinnace and gig.

Sunday noon the spectators already began arriving on the pier from which the boats were to start.

At a quarter past 2 o'clock, the pinnace, commanded by boatswain S. Olsen, and the gig, commanded by 2nd

cannoneer Enger, set off, manned by the flower of "*Nornen's*" crew.

The captain and some officers rowed out to the course to observe the race.

The starter's gun was to be fired from the guard ship, which lay straight across from us. Only 6 boats had ventured to show up. Farthest to the left lay "*Nornen's*" pinnace, then "*l'Albatros*" two boats, then 2 private boats, and finally our gig. The distance was 2,700 meters.

The starter's gun sounded from the guard ship at 3:37 P.M., and the boats shot ahead. Before the first oar stroke our crews sit still and grave, while the French stand upright braced against the thwarts ready to give their boats a quick start.

"*l'Albatros*" boats immediately gain a boat length on the Norwegians, but soon these win ahead again.

A buoy had been anchored about 1,400 meters from the pier which the boats were to round about, and a little distance away lies "*l'Albatros*," whose officers eagerly watch the contest between their boats and ours.

Before anyone has rounded the buoy, the two privateers leave the scene and row off up the Loire, embarrassed to be so far behind.

When they reach the buoy, our pinnace is far ahead while one of "*l'Albatros*" boats appear to be holding off the gig as the former turn around closer to the buoy, but the French are soon disillusioned; the gig wins the lead, and when they cross finish line, they are several boat lengths ahead.

As the Norwegian boats arrived, the deathly silence which had ruled during the race was relieved by the most horrific yelling and hurrahing.

The gentlemen waved their arms, the ladies swung their parasols, and everybody from "*Nornen*" who were present to watch the race, were incessantly greeted with: "*Je vous en fais mon compliments, monsieur*" (congratulations), by which we of course felt ourselves much flattered on behalf of the rowers; because it is always so, that when a fellow citizen of the town, or a member of the family, distinguishes himself, one basks in that person's sun, though not having the slightest part in his claim to recognition.

Both boats were now called over to our captain's boat where the crews got "a few drops" to help them recover their strength.

Four of them were restricted to the ship because of disorderly conduct in Gibraltar. The captain now lifted the punishment, the boat was laid to the pier, and the crews made haste to take advantage of their liberty.

The prizes were awarded in the evening at the *Hotel de Ville* (City Hall) at an event presided over by the captains of "*Nornen*" and "*l'Albatros*." The officers and a whole lot of civilian officials were all invited.

First some trophies for a sailing regatta that had taken place in the same afternoon were passed out.

Then it was the rowers' turn. The hurrahs, which had only been so-so during the awards for the sailboats, now became deafening from the ardent Frenchmen. First prize was 80 franc and a silver medal, second 50 and bronze, third 30 and a bronze medal.

Later in the evening a large and quite excellent orchestra played in concert barely 100 paces from the pier where we lay while the inhabitants of St. Nazaire walked through the streets in a gay procession, arm in arm with their Norwegian brothers.

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The next day most of the cadets joined in an excursion by railway to Nantes.

This city lies 70 kilometers farther up in the mouth of the Loire and is well-known as an important commercial center and shipping *entrepot*.

It rained when we left in the morning, and it rained throughout the trip on the railroad, so our hopes for some benefit from the outing more and more went up in smoke. However, when we arrived at the rail station in St. Nazaire at half-past eleven, the sluices of heaven more or less closed, and we managed to find shelter in a restaurant named "*de Suede*," where we naturally thought we might come across a "brother" who could give us some guidance, but this restaurant's name was regrettably only a deception; no one there understood a Scandinavian word.

We bought a guidebook and a map of Nantes. Our location was then market on the map, for here it would be necessary to navigate carefully through the streets if we were to get enough out of the day to make up for the dreary railway passage.

But by now several of us began to feel symptoms of hunger. The majority voted for a "better" lunch, and so we had to find a suitable place.

"Yo, stop!" cried one of the cadets, "here it says in large letters *Hotel Dieu*!" as he pointed at the map of Nantes. Well, here could surely be found what we desired.

So we proceeded to go look for the *Hotel Dieu* while the rain drizzled down. On the way, we hailed a young whippersnapper to get more detailed information. We walked a while and chatted with him in our half-French speech, and he told us among other things that he was applying to the naval academy at Brest, and so was perhaps a comrade-in-arms to be. At last he inquired with a sympathetic expression who it was that was sick – I can imagine we all looked quite sick as we walked there, red as lobsters and dripping wet from the rain. No, we were going to have a lavish lunch at the *Hotel Dieu*, and invited him to come along.

"*En Hotel Dieu! C'est un Hôpital, Messieurs!*" (In *Hotel Dieu!* It is a hospital!) – Great astonishment!

He then accompanied us to a respectable hotel where we soon got into a rather hilarious mood. Especially the menus gave rise to much merriment. The French dishes were somewhat strange to us; therefore it was wise to think twice before ordering, but even then the dishes did not always answer to expectations, especially the cadets' favorite dish, beefsteak. We generally had to order double portions of this since the size of a single serving was not intended for young, robust Norwegian sailors.

For dessert, a Frenchman who had heard about the rowboat race treated us to champagne; a luxury that our slender pockets otherwise did not allow us.

But then we had to leave. All points of interest were to be visited.

First we went to see the archeological museum, where we found significant relics from Viking times. Among these was a Norwegian coat of chainmail from the 8th Century.

It is generally known that the Loire River was the Vikings' preferred playground in France in olden times, and in the year 843 A.D. the son of the king in Vestfold (the present Jarlsberg's and Laurvig's *amt*) with his men of Vestfold stormed Nantes during a terrible bloodbath.

The Viking flag, the old *Raufan* (the raven ensign), waved over Nantes' walls for two years this time, until one of Charles the Bald's nobles drove them away for a little while.

Very interesting – that is to say for those who are infatuated with this mass-murderer – was also a rapier and a pair of garters that Napoleon the Great wore during a stay in Nantes.

I believe that relics from Napoleon are hoarded with as much reverence as flasks of Egyptian darkness and suchlike valuable articles were in medieval times. – I could not help being reminded of the final lines of Bjørnson's poem, "*Mit Følge*" ("My entourage"): "With victories from Moscow to Cartagena, he still dies lonely on St. Helena" – for these words hold the key to the French people's veneration of him.

Under a magnificent glass dome, Anne of Brittany's heart is sealed in gold casket inset with diamonds. There must have been good reasons for its preservation if one is to judge by the persistence of her memory through the centuries. Especially in Nantes it looks like it is intended to make it everlasting, since everywhere one goes, her name is to be seen. Here are St. Anne's Square, St. Anne's Citadel, St. Anne's Cathedral, and many other buildings that are named for her.

She was a daughter of Francois II, the last duke of Brittany, and followed him on the throne. Later she mar-

ried the French King Charles VIII, such that Brittany was joined with France.

Near Anne's heart stands a statue of Cambronne, the famous commander of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo. He, as Anne, was born in Nantes, and as fellow citizens of the town they have been placed side by side. Below the statue are the stirring words: "*La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas.*" ("The Guard dies, but it does not surrender.")

From the *Musée d'Archæologie* we set a course for the *Jardin des Plantes*, which is the most attractive botanical garden in the province, and that says a lot in France where there are so many such.

From the top of a knoll that lies in the middle of the garden, there is a wonderful view.

To the south one sees the railway down along the banks of the Loire and the buildings of the *Lycée*, to the north the beautiful, tall tower of the Church of St. Clement reaches toward the sky, and the *Jardin des Plantes* itself can be seen from this height as in a bird's perspective with its curving tree-bordered paths and flowerbeds.

After having had some refreshments at the park restaurant, we visited the *Château des Nantes*¹ (the Castle of Nantes), an impressive complex of old-fashioned buildings that lies in the neighborhood.

The castle was completed in the year 1207 by Guy de Thouars, which probably is not of interest to many, except because of the age, but what may amuse those who have read Perrault's children's story, "Bluebeard," is that this character actually existed in the person of

¹ Actually the *Chateau des Ducs de Bretagne*. It consists of a French chateau added onto a medieval castle.

Marshal Gille de Retz. He was sentenced to death in the great hall in *Chateau de Nantes* for the horrible crimes he had committed, and thereby furnished Perrault the material for his book.

Without further ado, we were given permission to explore, and the custodian, a most well-disposed man, was so considerate as to show us around.

In the great courtyard there were a lot of old cannon marked with Napoleon I's insignia, and several models of more modern breech loading cannon made on the de Bange and Armstrong patterns.

Accompanied by our guide, we went up into the largest tower, and after much gasping and groaning we finally got up on the roof.

From this vantage point, we could view the environs of Nantes out to a distance of several miles.

Five rivers pass through this part of Brittany: the Loire, l'Erde, la Livre, le Cher, and le Loiret, which all are navigable for small ships which greatly facilitates communications and trade.

The farmers can therefore easily market their produce, and in consequence the whole province looks like a continuous garden. We will long remember this sight, and as a reminder if we should ever come that way again, we scribed our names into the wall with the tips of our swords.

The time was now running out of our allotted shore leave, and the remainder of Nantes' attractions would have to be left to the next time we visit the city.

We still caught one more on the way to the railway station. That was House No. 30 where the famous "Edict of Nantes*)¹" was executed the 13th of April, 1598.

It looks old and dilapidated, but it may yet stand for another couple of centuries as a memorial to the end of the religious wars in France, since it is maintained by some rich people from pious considerations.

The sun had been out all afternoon, so the return trip was better suited for viewing the banks of the Loire than the journey up in the rain had been.

Here, as at other places we had visited, the Norwegian flag predominated. Not less than four Norwegian sailing ships and one steamer lay along the riverbanks unloading lumber, while other nations were represented by a single Dutch *kof*².

A French Navy lieutenant, who had served in the French colonial wars in Senegambia, accompanied us in our railcar compartment. He was an unusually lively fellow, who talked nineteen to the dozen and gesticulated with his hands and feet, so that one might think he was about to attack us.

I was reminded of Bjørnson's depiction in his lecture "Monogamy and Polygamy" of the scene in the French Chamber of Deputies, and did not find it as improbable as I did the first time I heard it. He was an ardent patriot and his eyes shot lightning bolts when I began to draw parallels between the German and French military leaders in the event of a war of revenge.

¹*) An act by Henri IV of France in 1598 whereby he granted the Huguenots religious tolerance. After Henri's death, the "Edict of Nantes" was often violated and was finally revoked by Louis XIV in 1685, whereupon persecution of Protestants resumed.

² Small, shallow draft, two-masted Dutch sailing vessel.

He conceded the Germans' superiority in several areas, but added in a forceful voice: "The moment makes the man! The moment makes the man! – Just look at the wars of Napoleon the Great!"

I did not have a riposte for that, but the times have changed; we will have to see what happens, perhaps he will be right.

When we got back to the ship, we had to admit that despite the poor weather in the morning, our excursion had to be considered as successful, though it had emptied our pockets.

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One of the constables died of pneumonia the last day we lay in St. Nazaire.

The funeral was conducted in the ceremonial mode which is customary at military funerals whether the deceased is an enlisted man or an officer.

Since hardly many have attended at such an occasion, I will here give the approximate content of an article in the French newspaper "*Democratie de l'Ouest*" which is published in St. Nazaire. - - -

"A sad and impressively solemn ceremony awakened the deepest sympathy among the numerous attendees. A sailor from the Norwegian corvette "*Nornen*," which at present lies in the docks, was to be buried. He died in the City Hospital at the age of 22 after just a few days' illness.

The funeral took place last Friday at 11 o'clock. Almost the entire crew and the officers in dress uniforms followed the casket. The Protestant minister in Nantes led the cortège and after him came the Norwegian-Swedish consul in Nantes and the vice-consul in St. Nazaire as well as one of the hospital's directors.

In the vestibule, where the coffin stood, the minister first gave a short sermon in English, whereafter the procession proceeded to the cemetery in the following order: First an honor guard, thereafter the Norwegian flag at half mast, carried by a petty officer, and the ship's orchestra playing Küfner's funeral march. The coffin, which was entirely covered by flowers, was carried by friends of the deceased, and then followed the officers and the crew in a long line, sad and introspective.

The actual ceremony took place in the cemetery, where the hospital's director, Mr. Creston, gave the following eulogy in Norwegian:

"I find that it is my duty as director of the hospital where your countryman so regrettably passed away, to say a few words on behalf of those who cared for him in his last illness. I saw the poor young man in his last moments. His nationality and the unfortunate circumstances under which he found himself gave him a right to our full sympathy. I seize this occasion to interpret for his compatriots and friends the feelings we had for him. The day before yesterday I was with sorrow witness to something I will never forget.

Three sailors from "*Nornen*," his comrades, had come up to the hospital to shake the sick man's hand for the last time. The poor man was near his end; with a last, feeble effort he clung to one of these and would leave with him. I saw him a few moments later as he sat there

in the bed, shivering in his death throes, with his eyes full of tears and staring around him as if searching for parents and friends, whom he soon was to leave behind forever.

It is sad to die thus and at so young an age, far from his native country, far from his family.

The hospital's merciful sisters with their usual unselfish thoughtfulness had to act as substitutes for the absent family. I ask those of you, who are able to communicate our sympathy and compassion for your countryman, to ease his parents sorrow and tell them that their son lies in a friendly nation's earth and died under the most dedicated and devoted care.

May we sometime meet him again in Heaven, everyone's motherland!"

Another sermon by the minister was followed by a Norwegian psalm, which was sung by the entire crew led by the orchestra.

There is nothing more gripping than this melody ("Who knows how near my end might be...") with its simultaneously sad and soft musical tones. It was no longer the usual monotonous psalm-singing; it seemed to express feelings which came straight from the heart over the loss of a beloved friend. One might almost think it was a song about sorrow, reliving memories, and last goodbyes. It affected everybody with its exceptional musical sentiment; in these sonorous tones one recognizes the musical style which is peculiar to the beautiful and poetical land from which our psalms come. ---

The minister then gave a brilliantly improvised sermon in French. He spoke about the famous event which occurred during the Franco-Prussian War, when an aerial balloon fell down on a Norwegian mountain, and

about the natives' cordial hospitality to his countrymen. He hoped that the inhabitants of St. Nazaire would show that hospitality was also considered a virtue in *la Belle France*.

The captain said a last farewell to the deceased for himself, comrades, and the family. Finally the minister read a prayer and cast some earth onto the coffin, and everybody left quietly and somberly, deeply touched by this solemn ceremony.



XIV

Adverse weather – Leaving St. Nazaire – Visit in Kristiansand and Arrival in Copenhagen.

The same afternoon we cast loose from the pier and the pilot came onboard. He immediately warned the captain that a storm was expected, so there was little use in trying with our wretched steam engine, since the wind came from straight ahead.

While we still were busy hauling off, there right enough blew up a gale, and "*Nornen*" came after many tribulations alongside a coal lighter which lay by the piers on the other side of the harbor. Here we remained until morning, when we again hauled up to the first pier, only a little piece farther down. If the French were enthusiastic admirers of the victors of the regatta, I think that their favorable impression was somewhat diminished by this maneuvering from pier to pier, which was executed with anything but the quiet efficiency that usually distinguishes a warship.

Finally we were released from our prison and anchored out in the harbor, but now the bar that lies in the entrance to St. Nazaire was in the way. After the gale it was breaking so much that only on the 1st of August were we able to head out to sea.

Still weather then intervened for a couple of days and we had to start up the "Oilworks."

On the latitude of Quiberon, we caught a fair wind, and in beautiful weather we cruised through the Channel and into the North Sea with the topgallant royal on top.

Visiting Kristiansand was not on our itinerary, but since a sailor had contracted strep throat, the captain made a detour to set him ashore on the 10th of August.

The corvette "*Alfen*" lay in the harbor. It was scheduled to depart at 8 o'clock the next day.

With a favorable wind, we left the harbor already at 4 A.M., so we did not have much opportunity to enjoy meeting our section chiefs from last year, who now were making their first cruise as lieutenants.

By evening, we took a bearing off Skagen, but later in the night the wind turned southerly, and the engine had to be fired up. When this had begun to work, the south wind intensified, and our speed was reduced to 3-4 knots such that we did not pass Kullen until the 14th. Shortly thereafter we saluted Kronborg, and by 9 o'clock we anchored at Vedbæk, for the corvette must first be washed and painted before it could show itself in the Danish capital. We then stayed in the vicinity of the lovely village for half a day while the captain took a trip to Copenhagen and returned to bring a pilot onboard. "*Nornen*" left under sail and steam in a fairly stiff wind; we had all we could do just to lay up under "Three Crowns" with the wind athwart. The wind blew so strongly that the jib and the main staysail threatened to tear out of the leech ropes. But Lady Luck favored the old corvette, and after an hours sailing, we anchored in the outer harbor. Still, we had not yet reached the goal of our desires. A permit from the minister of the Navy was

required before we could anchor in the inner harbor. Following all the steps of etiquette to obtain that took another day, and since the wind remained strong, there could not be any question of being allowed ashore, except on duty.

I was so fortunate as to be the cadet on watch, and so had the honor to be the first to set foot on Danish soil; that is to say, of the cadets, since several of the officers' wives had demonstrated their devotion to their husbands with a pleasure trip visiting Copenhagen, the officers came along to shore, where they were quite agreeably received by their respective spouses, though in a rather wet attire since Neptune had shown his friendly disposition by repeatedly drenching the sons of Mars. There was a sufficiency of letters, two whole armfuls, so I was very welcome when I returned to the ship with my burden.

The next afternoon, we finally got into the inner harbor. Here we were directed to a pier near Jakobsen's coal storage yard.

No shore leaves were granted that evening either and our impatience rose to the highest level.



XV

Visit to Holmen Navy Yards – Our representative's reception – The exhibition – Dinner at Klampenborg.

At eight o'clock the next morning, we were ordered to visit the Holmen Navy Yards.

Accompanied by the captain and our training officers, we first visited the old frigate "*Sjælland*" which was used as a headquarters ship. As soon as we passed the gangway, the ship's orchestra began to play "*Ja, vi elsker dette landet ...*," and the whole time while we visited the several rooms, they only played national anthems.

This atmosphere naturally enhanced our good impressions of the installation. Nowhere else have I found such orderliness, neatness, and cleanliness as ruled here. It really was astonishing, when one considers the parsimony with regard to the military budgets that have been so prevalent in later years also in Denmark.

Telephone lines run from all the important stations on "Holmen" to "*Sjælland*," since the ship also serves as the central command station.

We did not see anything of interest with regard to cannon and other weapons, but on the other hand, I saw here for the first time the new patented cartridge pouches. If we could get those introduced to replace our large, awkward leather bags, I believe it would be a great improvement both for the speed of loading and the shooters' ease of movement.

A friendship toast was drunk in the officers' mess, and then we left the old frigate and set a course for the torpedo division.

Here we again met with the same tidy orderliness. The building itself was so elegant that one might think one was entering a museum rather than an arsenal. Everything looked as if brand-new; in the middle of the varnished floor 200 torpedoes lay neatly stacked in handsome racks, brightly polished, waiting for their targets in a modern war at sea.

When all had been examined, our guides led us on to where the ships' cannon were stored. The gun carriages were generally Vavaseurs; a few dismantled "Kruppers" and "Nordenfelts" also lay there, which greatly eased the examination process.

A rare surprise was presented to us. A torpedo boat was to be launched.

With "Holmen's" commanding admiral in the van, we marched over to the torpedo boat slip.

All is clear for the launch, the wedges are removed, and out glides this little modern monster. - - -

We then left the Holmen Navy Yards, which so often has shown an amazing daring when the "swans" were to be outfitted for their victorious forays under Adelaer, Juel, Tordenskjold, and "he with the one eye."¹

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¹ A sly reference to the British Admiral Horatio Nelson and the outrageous British expropriation of the Danish-Norwegian fleet during the Napoleonic Wars.

When we got back to the ship, the official visits began. At eleven o'clock the Norwegian envoy, Baron Beck Friis, came onboard, followed by the legation secretary, Baron Kamel, and the attaché, Toll.¹

It might perhaps be of interest to hear how such a personage is received aboard a warship.

From earliest morning, the crew is set to scrub and polish. When everything is ready, all hands must dress for parade; that is, in their formal finery. The crew is lined up to port and starboard, and the guard, which is composed of certain selected individuals, from the mainmast aft, thereafter come the cadets in two ranks. By the gangway on the starboard side, the officers stand in their glittering parade dress uniforms. The steam launch lay to at the gangway. The captain goes forward to greet the eminent guest; the boatswain's pipe sounds, four ruffles are beaten on the drum, and the minister and entourage ascend the steps while exchanging some polite greetings. When they have all come up on deck, the captain presents the officers to the minister, who greets and nods a little to each, and then he and the entourage follows the captain down into the cabin where a glass of champagne is served.

Having returned up on deck, the minister looks at everything, goes into the cadets' mess, where we again are lined up. He speaks a few friendly words to us and wishes that our stay may be as pleasant as possible. Our excellent string quartet, which all visitors are gratified to hear, strike up a few numbers at a sign from the captain, among which are "The Caliph of Baghdad" by Boildieu,

¹ These gentlemen would be Danish (or possibly, Swedish) citizens. Norway abolished all titles of nobility at independence in 1814.

which is often played when we have visitors, and "*Du kjække Folk bag Grænsefjeld*."

It appeared that the string quartet won approval.

His Excellence then left "*Nornen*," nodding with exquisite friendliness to all sides. When the steam launch had reached a suitable distance off, he was given the regulation 13 gun salute.

His Excellence Beck-Friis has a very winning personality with an unusually mild expression in his wise eyes, in addition to possessing a robust and stately figure that is well suited to display his magnificent official uniform.

In the afternoon we were to visit the exhibition¹, to which we were given free access during our stay. Here too, the Danish naval officers showed their amiable readiness to show us around. We went first to the naval exhibit, where all the most recent inventions in the way of torpedoes and mines were on display.

We spent an hour studying the various mine mechanisms, and surely none of us cadets have regretted applying our time thus. For me at least, it was very useful in the course on mine technology in the next school year. A senior mining expert lectured so lucidly that even those least familiar with the mysteries of mining systems must have been able to understand at least some of it. Excellent drawings and models also contributed to this in a high degree.

¹ The Scandinavian Exhibition for Industry, Agriculture, and Art held in Copenhagen in 1888.

When the naval exhibit had been seen, we were allowed to explore the remainder of the exhibition on our own. It must without question be awarded the prize above Glasgow's with regard to furnishings and architecture. Any description of the exhibit must be considered superfluous, as all our newspapers have carried detailed reports and so many of my fellow countrymen have themselves visited the exhibition and studied the various displays.

The next day, "*Nornen's*" officers and cadets and a number of Danish officers received an invitation from Minister of the Navy Ravn to a great dinner at the delightful seaside resort at Klampenborg. One may imagine our elation at this news. We cadets knew, at least by word of mouth, that the Danish naval officers were the most marvelous hosts.

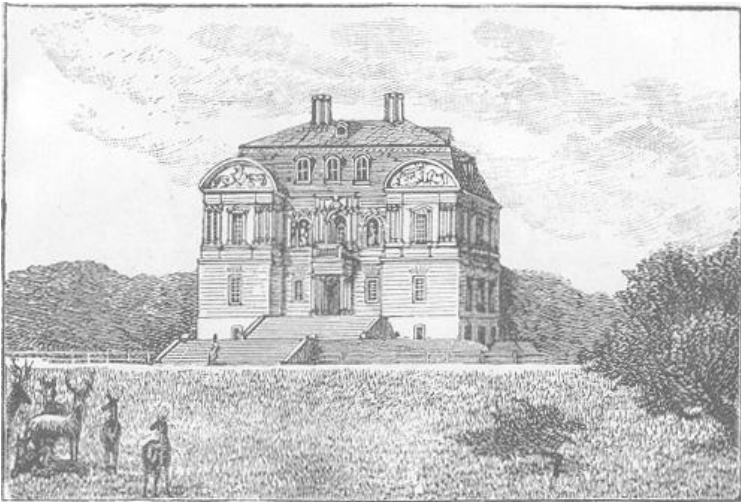
In high spirits we went ashore at the Customs House pier, where the Danish officers met us.

After the necessary presentations required by etiquette had transpired, a score of carriages arrived at the Customs House, each drawn by two horses. The equipages were arranged by order of rank.

Our captain rode in front with a couple of commodores and the head of the Danish Naval Academy, then came the Norwegian and Danish officers in brotherly association, and at last we cadets in two carriages accompanied by the jaunty Danish Lieutenant W., who will live long in our memories because of his irresistible happy spirits that might make even a chapel deacon laugh.

And so the cortège went through Copenhagen at a trot. It turned heads wherever it passed, which was no wonder, as it is not every day one sees twenty equipages following each other in a row, and even rarer, filled with naval officers.

Soon the famous "*Dyrehaven*"¹ lay before us – this playground for the merry people of Copenhagen – which has been immortalized by Oehlenschläger's well-known "*St. Hans' Evening Fête*," wherein he so wittily describes the gay frolicking taking place in the park. Now it was fairly quiet, because it is only on Sundays that the common people have leisure for such excursions.



Jagtfløttet „*Ermitagen*“ i Dyrehaven.

Our route went close by the charming little hunting chateau, "*The Hermitage*," which we thus had an oppor-

¹ "*The Deer Park*," a world famous forest preserve and local excursion destination originally established in the 17th century as the king's hunting preserve.

tunity to see. It is not large, but then it is only a place where the titled hunters can rest after their not so strenuous efforts at hunting parties in *Dyrehaven*, where there, as is well known, are a lot of wild game, especially fallow deer. We were fortunate in getting to see a couple of large herds of the latter. As we drove by, a specimen was shot that was served to us later that afternoon.

Dyrehaven soon lay behind us. The carriages stopped at the lovely resort "Bellevue," where refreshments were served in the garden. From here we had the most picturesque view one can imagine. "Bellevue" is also a favored destination on Sundays, and that is not to be wondered at because a better subject for a painter, a



better topic for a poet, can hardly be imagined.

The equipages were driven by Skodsborg so that we could stretch our legs a little with a short walk. Below the attractive Skodsborg Hotel we entered the carriages again and began the trip back to Klampenborg. The road was quite dusty; we soon could, lacking paper, draw designs on each others' backs.

We also had to undertake a minor restoration project on our arrival, and since we were numerous, and the washbowls few, it was about half an hour before we could present ourselves to our host, His Excellency, the Minister of the Navy.

After the introductions he bade us welcome and gave our captain his right arm; the other officers likewise each engaged a table companion.

The dining hall was magnificently decorated with flowers and flags. The tables were arranged in a horse-shoe with His Excellency in the middle. Our captain was seated on the right, and the legation secretary, Baron Kamel, on the left side of the host.



Klampenborg.

The atmosphere, which had been somewhat solemn to begin with, soon assumed a more convivial nature. Speech after speech was made, more and more animated as the number of emptied champagne glasses rose. The Danish officers distinguished themselves as accomplished orators, especially the Navy minister.

The dinner lasted for 3 – stated and written, three – hours. Coffee, cognac, punch, and cigars were then served amid the most cordial mood among the hosts and guests. The enthusiasm rose higher and higher. The Danes completely abandoned their strict military demeanor. From the minister to the youngest lieutenant they behaved in an informal manner that was so much more remarkable for us cadets since we were so inured to the rank-consciousness in our own Navy, which does not permit any such fraternization under any circumstances.

As an example of His Excellency's amiable friendliness, I may mention that when a cadet was looking around for a box of matches, he stopped him and asked what he needed. "To light my cigar, Your Excellence," was the answer. "Look here, you can light it with mine," said the High Personage, as he handed the cadet his lighted cigar.

Under the happy mood, we began to sing, mostly Norwegian national songs, but the Danish officers always had to lead. To our shame, we had to admit that another people knew our national songs better than we did ourselves.

About 10 o'clock His Excellency came up with a proposal that we should take a swing around the dance floor down in the spa's pavilion.

Where will we find ladies? some of us asked by themselves, but we went along down to the pavilion, and there we found the answer to the riddle.

The spa customarily puts on a little dance party for their guests every week. It had been quietly put about in Copenhagen that we would be there, and the result was that when we came down, there was a veritable multi-

tude of young ladies waiting for us. One can imagine that our mood soon rose to its culmination. There was no formality on the part of the ladies to dampen the gaiety. Presentations were not required. The uniform was sufficient. Everything went so convivial that it was like we were old acquaintances who had gotten back together, and I presume that it was with regrets from both sides that the sign to break up was given about 1 o'clock. We then went back to the hotel where buttered crackers were served. At 1:30 we again raised anchor, and with flying speed went off to the Customs House pier in Copenhagen where we took a heartfelt leave of our guests. - - -

A quarter of an hour later most of us lay in Morpheus' arms, but it must be confessed that one and another cadet muttered a little in his sleep about dinners, young ladies, and the dance pavilion at Klampenborg that night.



XVI

The departure – Our country's pride – Visit to Hälsingborg

Tuesday, the 21st of August, we left the gay and joyous Copenhagen. Our orders were to spend 3 to 4 days "cooling off" in the Kattegat and then sail to Hälsingborg to take onboard the chief of the Norwegian Naval Academy.

Rarely have we Norwegians seen a prouder sight than when "*Nornen*" at noontime passed Kronborg. An easy breeze from the north rippled the water surface, and down through the Sound¹ with all sails set came the largest fleet of merchantmen that I have ever seen.

Just to pass a fleet of merchantmen that salute with the flag to an old Navy vessel can hardly be called a proud sight, but something that might bring our hearts to exult on behalf of our beloved Fatherland, was the sight of the dear Norwegian flag which totally dominated all other nationalities.

In less than an hour we counted 140 Norwegian ships, while we only saw 20 vessels from other nations in the same interval.

We now lay out in the Kattegat and struggled with exercises for a couple of days; then we turned into the Sound again and anchored in Hälsingborg's harbor.

¹ "Sound" = Øresund

The Commander of the Naval Academy always comes aboard about three weeks before the end of the cruise in order to better judge the capabilities of the cadets. It just is not a comfortable time for them. It becomes kind of an examination as long as he is onboard, and one must exert oneself to the utmost to excel.

The old commodore had not yet arrived. To keep us busy we were set to shifting topsails, and the last time achieved such a result that our exercise officer could, radiant with joy, inform the captain when he came onboard that the topsail had been shifted in 5 minutes 40 seconds. As a reward we were given shore leave in the afternoon.

There was, of course, not so much to see in this little town except for the lovely *Helsan*, Hälsingborg's Tivoli. By evening all the cadets who had shore leave were gathered up there. Swedish punch and genuine Havana cigars soon put us in a good humor. We heard for the first time the international song hit, "*Fiskarflickan lilla*"¹ performed by some *Dalkullor*² in national costumes. The song apparently met with the cadets' approval as the tune was sung all the way down to the boat landing – for the enjoyment of Hälsingborg's public.



¹ "The little fisher girl" - originally a Sicilian song?

² Young women from Dalarne who traveled around Sweden to find temporary employment when not needed on the farms at home.

XVII

The parade in Warnemünde – The admiral's inspection – Examination in practical seaman skills and home to winter quarters – The benefits of a sailing cruise.

A son had been born to the German emperor, and our King Oscar was to stand godfather.

The king was to journey to Warnemünde on the battleship "*Drott*" and go on to Berlin by the railroad.

"*Drott*" was escorted by the gunboat "*Skagull*." "*Nornen*" was ordered to sail to Warnemünde and parade.

The corvette anchored at Warnemünde on the 29th, hardly 5 km. from the shore.

At 3 o'clock the following morning "*Drott*" and "*Skagull*" was discerned on the horizon and all hands were awakened so that His Majesty should not find us asleep. It was passing cold, and we were all pretty sleepy, but then we hoped to be compensated by catching a glimpse of the king.

When "*Drott*" came near, everything was ready; the officers in parade dress uniforms stood up on the roof of the cabin, the flagmen stood ready to break out the signals, the yards were manned, and all were ready to salute. Then the royal ship passed.

The cannon thunder; we shout hurrahs from up on the yards while we hold on to the shrouds with one hand for dear life, and the drummer beats parade march so that it reverberates throughout the old corvette, but the distance between the ships was too great for us to recognize the king.

We had to remain in Warnemünde until the king returned from the baptism.

One day the consul in Rostock with several of Warnemünde and Rostock's notables invited the Swedish and Norwegian officers to a great dinner and us cadets to a *soiré* in "Bäringer Hotel." The mood was noticeably animated except for the conversation, which went markedly sluggish because most of us had insufficient knowledge of the German language.

Otherwise, it was far from it that we just lay there enjoying ourselves. We had exercises every day, raising anchor and dropping it, steering a little ways up the bay, and finally lay to anchor again in the evening.

On Sunday morning, the 2nd of September, the king returned from his trip to Berlin. This time the ships came quite close to each other. His Majesty stood confident and smiling on "*Drott's*" bridge and greeted the representatives of the Norwegian Navy as the royal ship glided close by the corvette, and the hurrahs from the yardarms rang heartier than on the earlier occasion when there had been a slightly bad feeling about the parade ritual.

As soon as "*Drott*" had passed, "*Nornen*" immediately raised anchor, a maneuver that was accomplished with an alacrity that certainly must have compelled King Oscar's approbation. We tried to stay in "*Drott*" and "*Skagull's*" wake as long as possible; but the faster ships

ran us out of sight in 4 to 6 hours. "*Nornen*" then continued easy under steam out to Aalbæk Bay where we practiced firing with live ammunition.

From there we set course for Mogerøflakket where the examinations in seamanship usually are held.

Several symptoms always appear in the cadets' mess that indicate the ship is nearing this place.

Cadet No. 1, who at other times has all he can do to keep order during study hours, no longer has to scold cadets who "hangs out on the square," or more accurately stated, lie around flopped down on their sea chests. Diligence has invaded the ship. Everybody sits with hand under chin studying the seamanship textbooks and do not even have time to look up. Peace and quiet rule everywhere; even on deck one can hardly hear the crew move as they paint or piddle with various little tasks.

It is indeed a serious time for the poor cadets; they surely need quiet to concentrate; the competition is stiff. For many, how they do in the examination on Mogerøflakket becomes a question of what is to become of them in life. That is because this examination is combined with the examination on shore for the final score. One little mistake can decide the whole matter.

Reserve- or active duty officer; one of the sheep or one of the goats – that is the big question.

Well, that is so for those who yearn for the honor of being an officer in the Norwegian Navy.

On the day of the examination, when we have dropped anchor at Mogerø, all labor onboard ceases. One after the other, the cadets are called down into the captain's cabin where the instructors and the censors sit around the table, quiet and somber as the grave – justice personified.

As the examinations are concluded, the cadets go forward to the forecastle and remain there until all are done. It is not difficult to see by their faces how they have fared. Some are gloomy, some nonchalant, and still others beaming, only sunshine. A good supper usually serves to return some equanimity to the spirits.

It went reasonably well for everybody this time around. The "Oilworks" was therefore started up, and after about four hours we anchored at Langgrunden (Long Shallows) in Horten's outer harbor.

Four days after our arrival, the admiral came onboard for an inspection.

He always does that when a ship comes home from a cruise. Then the results are to be laid out for scrutiny, all exercises run through again, and the admiral's verdict announced.

Preparations to receive him begin several days in advance; everything is scrubbed white, painted, or polished.

Thus the ship veritably shone when the admiral came onboard around ten o'clock.

The entire crew is on parade; the saluting begins, and the admiral and his adjutant come aboard as he waves to all sides with his winning smile.

The captain's pennant comes down, the admiral's flag flies up to the top, and the maneuvers begin.

One-two-three, and everybody are in their work clothes. The anchor is raised, the sails set, and we are off into the Kristiania Fjord.

In the forenoon we demonstrated our proficiency at shifting topsails, taking up topsail yards, and exercises with "Man overboard!" which have been described

above. At 12 o'clock all the sails were taken in, the machine started, and we were allowed to eat dinner.

At 2 o'clock the call came again, "All hands on deck!" Now we were to make up for all that we had missed over the dinnertime. Huh! We had a hot time of it. First the topmasts were taken down. Then the admiral gave order after order. "Clear ship for battle!" which the reader may remember, was ordered simultaneous with setting out the boats and disembarking to capture and occupy – Bastø. As could be expected, all of this could not be executed without some confusion, but the crew's persistence and thirst for honors combined with our intrepid admiral's watchful eye produced a somewhat successful result.

After everything had been put back in order, we steered in to Langgrunden where the corvette anchored up at about 5 o'clock. Before the admiral left the ship, he expressed in a short, but forceful, speech his satisfaction and thanked the officers, cadets, and crew for well executed exercises and work. He concluded with a: "God save our King and Fatherland," which was repeated by the entire crew and was followed by a hurrah for the admiral.

The admiral disembarked, but we still were not done. When the captain went down to his cabin, there awaited him an order from the admiral as follows: "Bring the corvette into a condition such that with half an hour's warning, it will be ready to join battle." That was a hard nut for our captain to crack, especially since the order was for such a warship as "*Nornen*."

Our clever executive officer, despite the day's travail, put all hands to work lowering topmasts and yards; all running rigging was taken down and with diverse

loose objects such as spars, masts, etc. ferried to shore. An improvised torpedo net was also rigged during the evening with spars and ropes. The zeal was appreciated. When the admiral came onboard again the next day, he expressed his satisfaction with the arrangements.

There were still some shore assault and "clear ship!" exercises, etc., and then the inspection was finally over. As soon as the admiral had left, we raised anchor and set a course for Karljohansvern.

The disarming began the next day, and the corvette was decommissioned on the 30th of September.

Our cruise had lasted just four months. If some moments at sea had been quite demanding – the gentle reader may recall my description of the cadets' working day – it was still with melancholy feelings that we returned to our scenic winter quarters.

Surely all officers will later in life, despite a few painful memories of extra dogwatches, etc., look back on these cruises as points of light, count the sailing cruise with "*Old Nornen*" among the most cherished memories of their lives, and in good company propose a toast: "Long live old *Nornen*!"

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Now, does such a cruise with its numerous sail seamanship exercises serve its purpose?

Does it prepare officers and crew to competently execute their duties on the monitors and small gun- and torpedo boats that our navy essentially consists of?

We young officers, and also many of our elders, willingly concede that a properly executed maneuver looks very smart. But let us still put aside these lovely exercises; - as long as we have them, they will be used; because all these sailing ship exercises distract our attention from our real work and from the study of that which we can really have use for.

If one just consider the exercise "Clear ship!" which is one of the most important aboard a warship, as it is taught on an old sailing corvette versus the way it is done on a modern monitor or a gunboat – the difference is obvious.

These obsolete exercises are almost like setting a Tordenskjold¹ in apprenticeship to a tailor. No, we must have a new training ship. It is absolutely necessary if our Navy officers and sailors are to be able to make competent use of the little fleet of warships that we have.

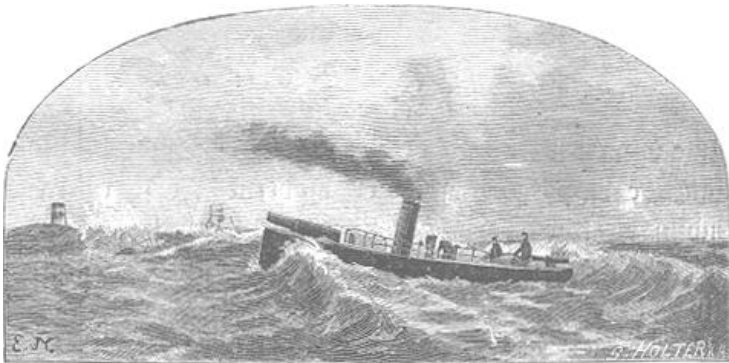
Some will insist that sailing ship drills in good and bad weather are necessary to train cadets and sailors to be quick on their feet, develop their muscles, and steel their nerves.

There is no doubt that training with a sailing ship develops these qualities, but can we afford to maintain such a costly gymnastics apparatus? Service in the Navy

¹ Peter Wessel Tordenskjold – Norwegian naval hero from the Great Nordic War, 1700-21.

has become so complicated in later years that it is hardly possible to employ gymnasts in all positions.

Is it possible that in this century of inventions we are unable to devise some exercises on our gunboats and in the mine laying service that would develop the same qualities as the sailing ship drills while at the same time imparting useful knowledge and skills? Giving up half of the 4-5 month long sail ship cruise to a gunboat cruise along the coast with exercises in laying and retrieving mines, etc., would surely better answer to our needs.



APPENDIX

The electric illumination maneuvers at Drøbak

In the fall of 1889 a dazzling military theatrical production was staged in the Drøbak Sound – the electric illumination maneuvers.

Hopefully many of the unresolved questions regarding the defense of the Drøbak Sound have been answered so "that Oscarsborg's commandant may sleep more secure in his bed," as was stated in a toast at a dinner for him.

And even if several questions regarding the defense have not been cleared up, the several thousand *kroner* that the electric illumination maneuvers cost the state will not have been wasted.

A number of Army- and Navy officers here got an opportunity to become familiar with the use of the scientific instruments that a modern defense force demands. Another great benefit; the Norwegian people has through newspapers and observers been informed that if the Drøbak Sound is to be our capital city's "Thermopylae,"* then, either almost our entire fleet must join in the defense, or the "8 marked batteries" must become a reality.

If the capital city falls, the defense of the entire country has been crippled, and the most fertile section of

* The scene of a people's heroic, self-sacrificing battle for the Fatherland.

the country lies open to the enemy – in short – the country's main artery is cut.

At the same time we have gained an insight as to what condition the Navy – this budgeteers' stepchild – finds itself.

All the Navy officers who have been given a chance to be trained as electro-technical engineers were engaged at Drøbak Sound.

How will it, in case of war, be possible to organize minefield defenses for the other main cities?

With what shall the innumerable coastal communities from Svinesund to Vadsø be defended? We have no officers and no ships to spare; the defense of Kristiania requires all we have.

With what will we defend our large mercantile fleet? We have no battle cruisers, and no fortified harbors along the extended coastline where the merchantmen can seek refuge.

Presumably these electric illumination maneuvers have contributed to the defense concept put forward by the Norwegian Defense Association in the last year being viewed with more sympathy.

If only this turn in the public opinion could be encouraged and maintained! Then the upcoming elections might send men to Parliament who understand that being an independent nation poses a demand of being able to defend your independence.

Let us not wait so long that it becomes too late.

Program for the electric illumination maneuvers.

1st night. The maneuvers begin at midnight between Sunday the 25th and Monday the 26th of August. All stations for observation, telegraphing, and signaling are occupied. The various equipment systems as well as the night signaling devices are tested. The several batteries, rooms, and communications corridors in the fortress are lighted, and the large guns are exercised without ammunition. The top command conducts an inspection.

1st day. Monday 2-4 P.M. All the batteries are manned; the Navy assists with training with the revolver cannon,¹ machine guns, and Siemens' tables and at the aiming stations. – Aiming exercises are conducted against fixed targets and against vessels under way. – The artillery's moveable shooting platform is tested. – At the same time signaling exercises with flags and Tychsen signaling lamps are conducted. – Any changes that the inspection has shown to be necessary are made.

2nd night. (Monday - Tuesday). Electric illumination of the ship channel and positioning the lights; first essentially as proposed by the lighting committee in 1881, and later, if it is deemed desirable, with varied locations for the portable lights. – Experimenting with measuring distances to vessels under way with different devices and comparing the results; aiming exercises with dummy ammunition continues against various moving targets (vessels

¹ Gatling gun?

under way); the telegraph- and signaling section are busy.

2nd day. The batteries are manned. – distance measurements with all available systems and comparison of results. – Practice signaling and electric correspondence between the stations. – Firing with small caliber guns and live ammunition against moving targets.

3d night. (Tuesday – Wednesday). All stations and batteries are manned. – The ship channel is illuminated with electric lights from the stations found most suitable. – The vessels which are to represent the attacking force move out into the fjord as directed to aim their lights at the fortress. – "*Nornen*" fires its guns with blank ammunition and is supported with Gatling guns and other small arms fire from 2nd class steam gunboats; likewise from "*Alfen*."

3d day. Wednesday 1:30 to 5 P.M. Firing with live ammunition at moving target with large and small guns.

4th night. (Wednesday – Thursday). The vessels which are to take the part of the attackers, that is the corvette "*Nornen*," the steam gunboats "*Tor*," "*Tyr*," and "*Nor*" and 2 torpedo boats (the five last-named equipped with electric lights) move out the fjord to about Filtvedt at about 10 P.M. in order to advance up the fjord and attack the fortress under Captain Rieck's command. – The fortress will have "*Ulven*" and "*Rap*" to serve as outposts and torpedo defense; the corvette "*Alfen*" also takes part in the defense. Blanks are fired from the big guns at the fortress as well as from the cannon on Neshøyden and Håøya and from the ships. – Attempt to force passage up

through the minefield with minesweepers (torpedo boats). The batteries on Kopås and Nettet (and also the train battery) reserve their fire until the enemy closes in on them. The fire from the batteries and each of the larger cannons separately is aimed at certain vessels as specified by the fire direction personnel, who then observe the results with the several kinds of aiming apparatus and call corrections back to the guns as required.

The program for the 4th night is continued for the last two nights with some changes as might be indicated by the results experienced in the earlier exercises.

1st night between the 25th and 26th of August.

The public might have been erroneously informed, because by about eleven o'clock large masses could be seen moving up and down along "Drøbak's *Langelinie*"

However, no electric illumination maneuvers were scheduled – only an inspection at Oscarsborg.

All corridors and magazines were illuminated with incandescent electrical lights so that one could easily find one's way to the various chambers. – Observation-, telegraph-, and telephone stations were manned by their respective personnel, and all equipment was tested to see that it was in satisfactory working order. – The batteries exercised with dry firing large and small guns, and an Armstrong aiming apparatus that had just arrived was set up and tried out.

It consists of a pair of small electrical glow lamps which are placed on the rear and front gun sights. – One glows red, the other green, whereby accurate aim can be taken at night. – Wires run from the lights down to a galvanic battery which is enclosed in a little box. – This stands next to the gun mount, and the current can be easily turned on and off by a small apparatus attached to the outside of the box. – If it proves to be practical, a great want will be remedied.

The inspection was over at 2 o'clock in the morning.

1st day. Monday the 26th of August.

At 2 P.M. all batteries were manned, and aiming exercises were conducted against fixed targets and vessels under way; concurrent with exercises in signaling with flags and Tyachsen signaling lamps.

The exercises were concluded at 4 P.M.

2nd night. 26-27th of August.

From *Vindfangerbugten* (Windcatcher Bay) occasional flashes of electrical lights from the gunboats and crane barges could be seen already by eight o'clock, - the electrical searchlights were being tested, and when a beam accidentally fell on the corvettes "*Nornen*" and "*Alfen*," all of the rigging were lit up and made a mag-

nificent sight for the spectators who were marching back and forth on the Drøbak side.

At 9 o'clock the ships began to stir and moved of to their respective stations. – The illuminated battle was about to begin, and the lights were positioned approximately in the manner that the committee of 1881 had proposed.

The defenders projectors were set up by Husvik and Kinnertangen; in addition there were two crane barges placed on the east and west sides of Raholmen and equipped with electric light projectors of ca. 5,000 candlepower each. – The gunboats lay a little south of Småskjær.

The battle began at a signal given from the fortress.

The searchlights flicked from one side to the other, and the air above the entire fjord assumed the most amazing color shifts which must surely have looked truly spectacular from the landside.

A clutch of pleasure boats cruised along the Drøbak side and were occasionally strafed by the light shafts. – Navigation became almost impossible since the glare did not allow anyone to see outside the lighted area.

At 2 o'clock the attackers began advancing up toward the fortress while steadily keeping their projectors aimed at it. Raholmen was completely illuminated; yet it was difficult for the attackers to see the defenders because the searchlights stationed at Kinnertangen and Husvik sent cones of light across the sound that formed sort of a barrier wall. – By half past two all vessels were at their anchoring positions, and a hazy mist lay over the sound.

2nd day. 27th of August.

The program was the same as for the 1st day with the exception of a little practice with live ammunition against a moving panel board. A round from Capt. Schulz's battery at Husvik destroyed the target.

In the morning, the corvette "*Alfen*" was towed over to its station by Kinnertangen and "hogtied" in place in order to occupy an advantageous position *vis-à-vis* the enemy.

3d night. 27-28th of August.

By 10 P.M. all stations were manned, and everything was ready.

Led by "*Nornen's*" Captain Rieck, the task force that played the attackers steamed out the fjord and assumed their positions. – "*Nornen*" was to place itself so as to be as well protected as possible from the defenders' search-lights. The three gunboats "*Tyr*," "*Nor*," and "*Tor*" lay south of Småskjær¹ and were to illuminate the east battery and the main battery. – The torpedo boats "*Ulven*" and "*Rap*" were employed as outposts for the fortress.

The night was clear and starbright.

Suddenly a light flashed from the fortress which was answered with two rockets from "*Nornen*."

That was the signal to begin, and soon thereafter 3 blinding lights could be seen directed at the fortress,

¹ "Little Skerry"

where everything began moving. Their telephones could be heard ringing unremittingly, bosuns' pipes shrilling, and flashes from the Tychsen signaling lamps could be seen from all stations and batteries. — About 11:30 "*Alfen*" was ordered to fire at the gunboat "*Tor*," which lay on the west side of Kinnertangen. "*Alfen*" was the only place where the enemy could be observed, and aim was taken at 2,400 meters. The fortress, however, could be clearly seen from the attackers' side, and "*Nornen*" fired one salvo after the other into it without being seen. At 11:40 P.M. "*Nornen*" was observed from "*Alfen*" to come up from the direction of Filtvedt and passing Storskjær¹. Broadside after broadside thundered from the corvette, and the batteries on Håøen, Nesset, and Husvik soon joined in.

At 12:30 A.M. the attackers were signaled to turn off their lights. The defenders' four lights could then be aimed directly at the attackers. Now the fortress' defenders could also see "*Nornen*" which kept going back and forth south of Storskjær, and so began a steady cannonade from all quarters which lasted to about 1:45 A.M. The signal to stop the maneuvers was hoisted, and all returned to their home positions.

3d day, 28th of August.

Gunnery practice with live ammunition against moving target from 2 to 4 P.M.

¹ "Big Skerry"

4th night. 28-29th of August.

On this night the first forced passage past Oscarsborg took place.

It was pitch dark, and heavy, gloomy masses of clouds came driving up the fjord, but now and then a star showed briefly. The weather was better than had been expected, because it had been raining the whole afternoon, and everyone expected more of the same in the night.

"*Nornen*" had become almost unrecognizable. The royal- and topgallant masts had been taken down, the topsail yards bundled in the top, and an improvised torpedo net had been rigged forward. Likewise 2 guns had been brought forward to the bow ports.

On the previous night it had been seen that the fortress could not begin firing until a couple of hours had passed because of the attackers' lights. Some changes were now made in the lights' positions in order to remedy this defect in the defenses. The lights on the two crane barges on the east and west sides of Raholmen were now seen to be placed farther forward; one by Parr's boathouse, the other by Nesset. In addition, one of the attackers from the last night was stationed between the light in Husviken and the eastern crane barge.

At a quarter past 10 o'clock a signal rocket from "*Nornen*" gave notice that the attackers had arrived at their destinations. The defenders' searchlights swept across the fjord to look for them.

A mass of pleasure craft was cruising up and down the sound and caused a great deal of confusion, but finally "*Tor*" and "*Tyr*" were discovered a little south of

Småskjær and "*Nor*" by Storskjær, while "*Nornen*" lay 3,500 meters away under Drøbak.

The signal for the attackers to use their lights had to be repeated twice because they had difficulties seeing. Nor could the gunboats see the fortress clearly so their return fire was quite feeble. Then it thundered all at once from the main battery, "*Alfen*," and the batteries on Neshøyden, Håøya, and Husvik. At 12:30 came the signals to "Douse lights" and "Cease fire," and there was a 15 minute pause so that the generators could rest a little, since in the days past they had "run hot." After the pause, the attempt to force passage began.

Followed by the gunboat "*Tyr*," whose searchlight illuminated her wake, the corvette "*Nornen*" came up through the minefield at full speed. The cannon thundered to such a degree that they are said to have been heard clear down to Åsgårdstrand.

Sometimes all that was heard was an unceasing nattering from the machineguns, but then came occasionally whole broadsides from "*Nornen*" and the gunboats' large guns together and lighted up the scene. "*Nornen*" looked magnificent as it passed up the fjord. In the tops, in the shrouds, on the forecastle – in short everywhere – there were placed men with firearms. It looked like one great fireworks display, and it seemed to find favor with the thousands of spectators who stood along the shore, for the hurrahs sounded a continuous roar across the fjord.

Suddenly a huge waterspout was seen to be flung up into the air as they passed a little beyond Småskjær. It was a mine that was exploded at the location in the minefield where "*Nornen*" had just passed, and bye and bye, as the gunboats and torpedo boats passed through

the minefield, the scene was repeated. Only "*Tor*" was so fortunate as to slip through – but it probably would have been sunk by cannon shot before it could get by Oscarsborg.

When the last gunboat had passed the fortress signaled, "Battle over," and the phoenix-like squadron again anchored in *Vindfangerbugten*.

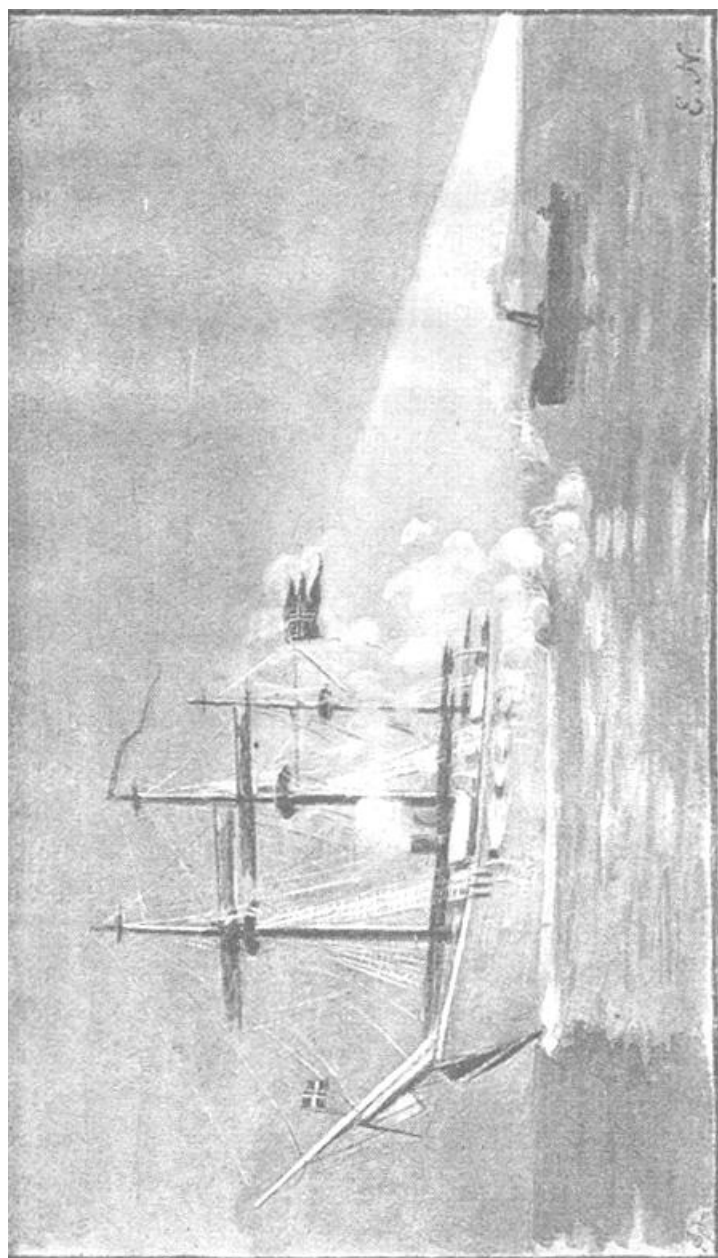
5th night. 29-30th of August.

At 10 P.M. everything was ready in the fortress and on the fleet. The attacking force left *Vindfangerbugten* under command of "*Nornen's*" captain. It was to pretend to consist of all armor clad ships with cannon that could provide effective fire at distances up to 4,000 meters.

Crane barge No. 2 took up position by Parr's boat-house, No. 1 by the western shore inside the jetty, "*Nor*" lay between Husvik and No. 2's light. Towards 11 o'clock the fortress signaled that all searchlights were to be employed simultaneously. From "*Alfen*" one could clearly see "*Nornen*" with two white lanterns, one above the other. After "*Nornen*" had sent up the warning signal, two rockets, one of the torpedo boats ran up towards the eastern battery in "*Tyr's*" cone of light. "*Nor*" and crane barge No. 2 soon caught sight of it though, and followed it all the way up with their lights. It was impossible to see the torpedo boat from the fortress, but from "*Alfen*" it could be followed the whole time. At 11:10 it was signaled to the attackers and the crane

barges to turn off their lights. A little later "*Nornen*" sent up some Roman candles and was seen to steer southwards followed by the gun- and torpedo boats. At 11:30 the tower signaled, "Commence firing," "Turn on all lights," and soon thereafter the cannon on "*Alfen*," who first observed "*Nornen*" a little east of Storskjær, let loose with a thunderous salvo. The batteries and the fortress soon joined in, and an earsplitting cannonade continued for half an hour, after which there was a 15 minute pause. At half past 1 A.M., the forcing of the sound began. "*Nor*" turned off its light; Kinnertangen's was directed across Småskjær, and the other three lights began to search for the enemy. The torpedo boats began first. The lights from Husvik and crane barge No. 2 immediately caught sight of them and pursued them the whole time up the fjord. Soon after they had passed Småskjær, two heavy booms sounded, one close after the other. It was mines which were detonated to denote that the stations had had them under observation and could have blown them sky-high. They also received signals from the fortress that they were disabled, and so slinked out of the battle.

"*Nornen*" was now seen to come up the fjord, followed by the gunboats. As seen from "*Alfen*," the corvette appeared as one great fireworks display. Small arms fire flashed unceasingly from all three tops, and broadside after broadside thundered from its sides. Our gallant admiral, who had been moving around inspecting everything all night, just at this moment came aboard "*Alfen*," and could view the whole magnificent panorama from the roof of the cabin. "*Nornen*" passed Småskjær – once more a deep boom – a water spout – and "*Nornen*" receives a signal from the fortress that it



Korvetten „Glorien“ vil forcere forbi Søfareborg.

has been blown up; and that was honestly deserved, for the whole time, it was a target for all the simulated batteries with armor-piercing ammunition, not to mention "*Alfen*" and the fortress. The gunboats suffered the same fate and had to retire from the battlefield. But the most spectacular act was reserved for the end. On a given signal all the searchlights were aimed at Småskjær; 7 muffled explosions were heard at ½ minute intervals, and each time an immense water column was flung up into the air. It was a magnificent sight. The electric arc lights, in illuminating the water particles, caused these to sparkle like diamonds while the illuminated masses of steam were driven along the water surface by the pressure from the explosions.

The signal "W" then went out from the fortress and it was all over.

6th night. 30-31st of August.

"*Nornen*" and "*Alfen*" were not to participate in the battle – their roles were over – the stations were cleared for action at 10 o'clock, and the crane barges placed in their old positions. The gunboats "*Nor*," "*Tor*," and "*Tyr*" and the torpedo boat "*Snar*" under Lieutenant Mørch's command lay in a straight line out from *Skibshelleiteien* ca. 4,000 meters from the fortress.

At 10:30 P.M. "*Tyr*" and "*Tor*" were signaled to begin the night's maneuvers. "*Tyr*" steered up between Storskjær and Småskjær; "*Tor*" headed straight toward Lehmann's pier. This maneuver was repeated a couple of times, and then "Rest" was signaled at 12 o'clock. After

about a quarter of an hour, the maneuvers resumed with a series of experiments that could not have been of much interest for the spectators. Certainly the sightseers were disappointed, but on the other hand the initiated followed these last experiments with close attention. It was intended to find out if the artillery strikes could be clearly seen at night so as to allow correct judging of distances. 4-5 shots were fired toward the gunboat "*Tor*" from the fortress and Håøya. "*Tor*" had been provided with some mines that were to be exploded, one by one, when a shot was fired to simulate the impact of the rounds. We could not see any of the mine explosions from "*Alfen*." I do not know if any could be observed from the fortress.

At a quarter past one o'clock came the signal to force passage, and the attackers could be very clearly seen to steer up through the minefield, since the defenders' searchlights were directed over it. The same dramatic show as on the previous night was re-enacted – the attackers blew up, one by one. Many of the spectators had turned homewards, but those that had stayed got full value for their patience. The electrical illumination experiments in the Drøbak Sound were concluded with a finale that will live long in one's memory.

A bright rocket flares up – a signal – and as by magic the sky is illuminated in all the colors of the rainbow by a lavish display of rockets, Roman candles, and suns. Intermittently cannon fire is heard from the fleet which lies anchored in *Vindfangerbugten*, mingled with cries of hurrah from the rocky knolls on the Drøbak side. No pen can adequately describe this marvelous scene.

As I herewith bring these modest sketches from the Norwegian Naval Academy to a close, I will add this wish:

That Norway now, in time of peace, will arrange and develop its military defenses such that when the time of trial and battle arrives, we will be able to defend our freedom and independence, our most precious possessions.

